

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, the Drama, Morals, Manners, and Amusements.

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Review of New Books.

Journal of Military and Political Events in Spain during the last Twelve Months.

By COUNT PECCHIO. With some Introductory Remarks on the present Crisis. By EDWARD BLAQUIERE, ESQ. 8vo. pp. 133. London, 1824.

'RIPENESS is all,' says Shakspeare, who is very happily quoted for an epigraph in the volume before us; and Spain, wanting that ripeness, wanted every thing. Representative governments are, no doubt, excellent things, but there are countries in Europe not yet prepared for them. Spain is a memorable instance of this, for, while we give the constitutional government credit for its honour and its honesty, we feel convinced that it was less popular in Spain than the absolute despotism of the man-milliner, Ferdinand VII.

The present is not the first occasion in which Count Pecchio has appeared before the public, through the medium of his literary accoucheur, Mr. Blaquiere, who, by the bye, is a great alarmist, and dabbles a little too freely in politics for our taste. We allow that he is a gentleman of talent but he has prefaced the present work by a very silly introduction, in which he wishes to make his readers believe that our ministers, in abstaining from a war with France and the whole of Europe, for the sake of a small party in Spain, have 'cruelly disappointed the hopes of the country;' and then, in a fine specimen of the mock pathetic, he exclaims,—'But I will abstain from the language of reproach; for what sting can be greater, what condition more humiliating, than that of a minister who has lived to witness the degradation of his country?' What, indeed! but if Mr. Blaquiere will bring us one sensible man, himself excepted, who will declare that England is degraded by abstaining from war, we will promise to read and subscribe to all the embryo works in which he is engaged. Mr. Blaquiere has a great predilection for intestine broils, and is a sort of knight errant, who thinks it his duty to take a share in every struggle between a government and its people: we by no means wish to insinuate that he does not take the right side; but the policy of an individual and that of his government are not always the same. Mr. Blaquiere—an Englishman, we presume, though his feelings would render the matter doubtful—talks of England sinking 'into a power, not of the second, but of the third or fourth order;' but Mr. B. is

no conjurer: he was an apologist for Ferdinand VII. and discovered virtues in Morillo and Abisbal; we therefore cannot, on his assurance, believe that this great country is unable to maintain its military, naval, and political ascendancy.

But,—to quit Mr. Blaquiere, and come to Count Pecchio, who has a sort of predilection for revolutions also,—the count does not despair of Spain, which proves, we suspect, that he does not know it; we confess we do, and, although there should be a new revolution every year, we think ages may pass before she will enjoy a free government and a tranquil population.

Count Pecchio's work is in the form of a diary, commencing on the 30th of August, 1822, at which time he declares that the people were 'as free in Madrid as at Philadelphia, and as tranquil as at Vienna,' and concluding, on the 7th of July, 1823, with telling us, that the Spaniards had displayed abundant constancy, and that 'every thing depends on the courage and good fortune of Ballasteros.' The count is rather too enthusiastic, and before his journal was in the press the freedom of Spain (sadly exaggerated when compared to that of the United States) was crushed, and Ballasteros had turned a traitor. This is one of the disadvantages of a journal form; for, while it preserves the opinions of the writer at the time, yet those opinions are often so belied by events as to render the narrative ridiculous. The count is, however, on a surer footing when he talks of the Spanish ladies' small feet and well-turned ancles, which, we presume, continue pretty nearly the same under the tyranny of Ferdinand or the feeble sway of the Constitutionalists. Here, therefore, we may quote the count with safety:—

'September 18th.—Although the Liberals are called *descamisados* by the Serviles, they are not unacquainted with elegance and taste; they gave a most sumptuous ball yesterday. Indeed I never, in the whole course of my travels, witnessed a meeting of a hundred and fifty female faces so gay and sprightly as those who were present there; nor do I imagine China could produce feet so small and well turned. It is really a pity that the Spanish women should abandon their light and short dresses for the Parisian modes, which conceal so much of their fine ancles; more especially as, owing to their not being accustomed to this foreign costume, it looks as awkward as the uniform of a conscript when put on for the first time. The women of Italy cannot conceal the expression of their passions even in public: love, jealousy, and sorrow, are al-

ways depicted in their countenances. Whereas the Spanish fair leave their passions at home, as if they were determined to be independent and on an equality with all for eight or ten hours in the twenty-four. An Italian cicisbeo would burst with rage on seeing his Chloe dancing, laughing, and joking with every body. A master of the ceremonies is not required to become acquainted with a Spanish lady; a herald to announce you, or a Mæcenas to explain the colour of your blood, are equally unnecessary. The young women of Spain answer all those who address them with grace and sweetness, whilst their natural talents supply traits of wit and good sense that are seldom to be found in books, which they never read. This accidental acquaintance is nevertheless durable. If you happen to meet them next day in the Prado, they salute you with a movement of their fan and an *agur*, which is by far the most cheerful salutation I ever heard. Spanish women do not admire the intrigues of romances; they love with the same frankness which the ancient Romans used to manifest in friendship; hence duels never take place, because no person remains in doubt whether he is beloved or not. They discard a lover just as a despot turns off his ministers, without giving any reason, or leaving room for reconciliation or reply. What the learned count means by "a Mæcenas to explain the colour of your blood" we cannot divine; to us it appears nonsense.'

The count has made other discoveries, more novel than that the Spanish ladies have small feet: namely, that Lord Castlereagh was preferable, as a minister, to Mr. Canning, because the latter is a man of talent!—that the government of England is aristocratical,—and that 'our nobles are like the ancient patricians of Rome: they like liberty for themselves and slavery for all the rest of the world.' It is probable that the count would never have made such important discoveries, but that 'an English liberal' told him all this in a letter. Of the guerillas and the national pride of Spain Count Pecchio speaks correctly enough; but we are by no means certain that Mina is not a great general; we suspect that old Marshal Moncey would allow him that title:—

'There is not a single Spaniard in existence who does not consider himself worthy of being a field marshal. During the last six months, scarcely a day has passed without the appearance of a new leader of the factious; but it is not some rich proprietor, a nobleman, or old military chief, that assumes the command of these bands: he is

more generally an obscure individual of the people, whose boldness induces him to become the captain of his companions. Zaldivar, who infests Andalusia, was once a shepherd. Roja, who keeps Aragon in a state of terror, was a carrier of wood. Moses Anton, an oil seller. Even Mina himself, whom the ministry has sent to destroy these traitorous chiefs, was originally a muleteer. Owing to his want of early instruction, a guerilla chief of Spain can seldom become a great general; his abilities consist in the management of small columns, his success in the rapidity of his movements, and his tactics in a perfect knowledge of the ground. Thus it is that, when out of his proper sphere, the guerilla loses his invincibility.

'The profession of a partisan leader is exceedingly old among the Spaniards; it began to be their favourite occupation in 1302, when the King of Sicily dismissed the bands of Aragon and Catalonia, which had defended that kingdom against the French for fifty years. Those soldiers of fortune, accustomed to live by chance, offered to serve the first sovereign who would pay them. Such is the origin of the above appellation, and of the *condottieri*, who continued to carry on war for various states of Italy during a period of two centuries. Thus it was, too, that mercenaries were long only known by the name of Catalans.'

The count, though no great politician, is rather a clever writer, and gives a very lively picture of Spanish manners, when he chooses to touch on them; one or two specimens we select in conclusion:—

'The manners and customs of La Mancha are precisely the same now as those we see described in Don Quixote. From the days of Cervantes down to the present time, I do not think that one comfort has been invented, nor a single glass, knife, or fork, added to those which then existed. I do not even recollect having seen a looking glass in any of the barber's shops. Thus it may be readily imagined that there are many thousand Manchegas, who never saw their own faces, and would not recognise their portraits if shown to them. But, above all, the inns described by Cervantes are exactly what they were. At night these inns present a complete picture of the Flemish school. Travellers and carmen are all mixed up promiscuously before the large fire-place in the kitchen, while the whole party relates adventures of robbers and assassinations in greater abundance than was ever displayed in an English romance. Two female cooks, as phlegmatic as Dutch women, and as grave as priestesses, prepare the supper of each guest, according to the seniority of his arrival. This act of justice is administered with inexorable fidelity. The customers generally drink out of the same vessel, which goes round like the *conch jewel*, in the days of Ossian. About midnight, the floor is covered with the travellers, who, being well wrapped up in their woollen cloaks, like the Chrysalis, stretch themselves to sleep on the ground. When daylight breaks, the whole of these living mummies resusci-

tate. The caravan is put in motion, and the delicate and frothing chocolate is circulated between mules, cents, and the globular fumes of tobacco.

'The Andalusians are the French of Spain; amiable, elegant, gay, and volatile, as the following anecdote may serve to show. Whilst I was sitting outside the village, watching the approaching night-fall, the Alcalde, his secretary, and the village preacher, came up, and, after a brief exordium, invited me to sup with them. The Alcalde asked me a number of questions about Italy, just as if it had been a *terra incognita*: the secretary was occupied in filling a glass with brandy; this passed continually from one hand to another, and was sweetened by a toast to his neighbour. The commandant of the national guard sung the *Cachuela*, and was accompanied by the preacher on the guitar, while a tall and handsome Andalusian brunette eyed the dominican with the air of a Bacchante. Towards the end of supper, the room was invaded by all the youth of the village, who, attracted by the sound of the guitar, came to dance the *fandango*. This dance is executed in the theatres of Paris with a voluptuous and effeminate grace. But the true Spaniard, with his high chest and proud gait, always preserves a martial air while dancing the *fandango*. The Spaniards are, in every respect, the least effeminate people of the south of Europe. Each female changed her partner four or five times, while she herself continued to dance, and, when the *fandango* was ended, she gave the *pajo* or recompence. This consisted of a kiss, first to her partner, next to the guitar player, and a third to the singer of the couplet. When I returned to my caravansary, all the village was still kept awake by the numerous serenades, which the young men were giving to the prettiest and most amiable damsels of the village.'

Count Pecchio's work adds very little to our knowledge of the political state of Spain: all his anticipations were frustrated, all his hopes deceived, and his only consolation is to look forward to a new revolution, that shall bring liberty to the Peninsula; but, although he prophesies very positively as to the fact, he carefully avoids fixing the time. 'Liberty,' says the count, 'dies, but it rises again. It is the only thing that enjoys the privilege of the metempsychosis. It died in France, in 1820; but rose in Spain, in 1823. It has died this year in Spain, and will rise ' Who dare venture to fill up the blank? We certainly dare not, when such confident gentlemen as Count Pecchio and Mr. Blaquiére hesitate.

The Netherlands: containing a Description of the Character, Manners, Habits, and Customs of the Inhabitants of the late Seven United Provinces, Flanders, and Brabant. Illustrated with Eighteen Coloured Engravings. 18mo. London, 1824.

THE description of the Netherlands forms the tenth division of Mr. Shoberl's elegant work, *The World in Miniature*, which, con-

tinuing to be conducted with the same spirit and ability, is entitled to all the praise we have so frequently bestowed on it. In the volume now before us, the editor has dwelt most on the Seven United Provinces, as that portion of the Netherlands was called from the time that it shook off the tyranny of Spain, under Philip II., to the time of its being reunited, by the treaty of Paris, in 1814, to the other ten provinces, which had successively passed under the yoke of Austria and France. Mr. Shoberl's motive in devoting a considerable portion of his work to the Dutch is because they have retained more of originality in their character, manners, and costumes, than their southern neighbours in Flanders and Brabant. The Dutch, particularly the agricultural classes, bear a strong resemblance to the farmers of the north of England, as they were before the war-prices of grain had converted them into fine gentlemen.

The fairs of North Holland, as described by Mr. Shoberl, bear a most striking similarity to those in Yorkshire and other parts of the north of England, some twenty years ago, when the farmer's daughters did not disdain to accept an invitation from the young men to drink a tankard of hot ale and brandy, or a *chearer* (a glass of spirits and warm water,) at the inn; nor was it considered as any imputation on their modesty. Of the fairs in the north of Holland, Mr. Shoberl says,—

'On these occasions, the young damsels, eager to display their charms—and prettier faces than theirs are rarely met with—do not fail to appear in the public places and walks, and to accost the young men, whom they ask to treat them to the fair, without the slightest imputation upon their modesty. As the young men are by no means backward, these little bargains are soon struck; but the engagement lasts during the whole time of the fair: if a lad were to forsake the lass whom he has agreed to escort, he would be scouted by the whole neighbourhood. These customary attentions do not necessarily lead to farther consequences; and, if the freedoms to which they tend are not followed by marriage, nobody thinks any worse of the parties.'

The method of courting a girl in North Holland is rather singular:—

'When a young man has fixed his choice, he goes some Sunday evening, and knocks at the door of the female whose hand he is desirous of obtaining. She hastens to the door, and, without opening it, asks who is there, and what he wants. Sometimes the lover, in reply, alleges some frivolous pretext: he is only come to inquire how the family do, or he begs permission to light his pipe at the kitchen fire. At others he proceeds straight forward to his object, and sets out with a warm panegyric on the damsel, who, having had time during this preamble to consider of her answer, either admits the suitor or sends him away. In the latter case, the youth repeats his visit, (which is termed, in Dutch, *having a talk*,) every Sunday, employing the tenderest and most urgent solicitations, either till the lass re-

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lents, or till she assigns such reasons for her refusal as convince the lover of the hopelessness of his suit. If, on the other hand, the young man is admitted into the house, the first thing the lovers do is to get rid of the restraint imposed by the presence of parents, and they seek some retired spot, or join other young couples, with whom they amuse themselves till day-break. Such is the general custom, and no one thinks that there is any harm in it.

A still more extraordinary kind of courtship is that which is called in the country *kweesten*, and which prevails also in Switzerland, and in some parts of the United States of America, and even in Wales. In this case the *talk* takes place as usual; but, if the lover cannot obtain admittance at the door by fair words, entreaties, and solicitations, he watches his opportunity to get in at a window, and to introduce himself into the chamber of his charmer when she is in bed. He sits down by her, and in this situation he urges his tender suit. The reader, according to his humour, may either laugh at this *kweesten* of the North Hollanders, or indignantly condemn the impudence of the lovers; but all this is regarded on the spot as mere innocent toying, which custom has sanctioned; so that parents who have marriageable daughters make no scruple to leave a window open to facilitate these nocturnal visits.

In the island of Ameland the nocturnal visit usually precedes the demand of a girl in marriage:—

‘It is repeated three times in one week, on Sunday, Tuesday, and Friday. The lover raps gently at the door of his mistress, who is withheld by modesty and etiquette from opening it at the first knock: in a short time he is admitted, and treated with a few cups of coffee, to which he eats cake brought by himself. These visits last several hours.’

Courtship naturally leads us, at least so our female readers will say, to marriage; and, to the honour of the Dutch, there is no country in which marriages of interest are less common than in Holland:—

‘If the parties be at all suited to each other, the mutual inclination of the young people almost invariably decides the choice of the parents. This rule has scarcely any exception, unless among the superior classes. As soon as the match is agreed upon, the parents meet at the house of the bride, to draw up the articles, which, bating the precautions required by the profession of a merchant, are usually very simple; nay, frequently a verbal agreement between the parties is thought quite sufficient. As soon as the promise of marriage is received, the apartment in which the bride habitually resides, and all the furniture in it, are decorated with garlands of flowers. Everything belonging to the bridegroom, even to his pipe and tobacco-box, is adorned in the same manner. In the villages a small triumphal arch is erected before the house, or festoons are suspended at the entrance. Sometimes, too, the bride finds in the morning, before her door, a little straw figure of a

man, adorned with flowers, which denotes a suspicion that the lovers have already been too intimate; though in general it is but a piece of revenge, suggested by the jealousy of some young man whose addresses have been rejected. Every forenoon the bride and bridegroom receive visits and congratulations from their friends and acquaintance, who are treated, as a matter of course, with the *bride's tears*, a name given, on occasion of such visits, to made wines and other liquors. It is even customary with persons in good circumstances, to provide a considerable stock of such wines, and to send them about, as we do bride-cake, to the relatives and friends of the young couple, in bottles adorned with white and green ribands, and accompanied with small square boxes, filled with sweetmeats and other delicacies. The wedding, at which both families assemble, takes place on the Sunday after the betrothal. The intermediate time is devoted to amusement; in winter the evenings are passed in town, at the theatre, or at concerts, and in the country at card parties.

‘On the day appointed for the wedding, the young couple, attended by their parents, relatives, and all the connections of both families, proceed to the church, and there receive in public the nuptial benediction from the minister. This is sufficient to give validity to the marriage contract, when the parties belong to the established or reformed Protestant church; but the professors of other religions must be united by the civil magistrate. The French laws, while they prevailed, rendered the latter formality indispensable for all persons without distinction.

‘The nuptial ceremony is followed by a supper, to which the two families and their friends assemble. This entertainment is given at the house of the parents of the bride, or at a tavern when the company is too numerous. The guests are placed exactly according to their degrees of consanguinity: while those who have been invited as friends take their seats at the lower end of the table. The unmarried brothers or nearest relations of the young couple perform the duties of bride's-men and masters of the ceremonies. The provision is always abundant, and, though the dishes depend in general on the season, yet custom has sanctioned some which must on no account be omitted: these are two bowls of very delicious soup, fish, and fowl. The dessert consists of abundance of pastry and sweetmeats, and blanchmange in particular is not forgotten; it is called, on these occasions, the *bride's strengthener*. Thus far the conversation has been general, but during the dessert the company direct their attention more particularly to the young couple: each of the guests congratulates them in his own way, and, to whatever class they belong, there is never wanting some genius to treat them with an epithalamium or other poetical effusion on the joyful occasion. The dessert also is the time chosen for delivering to the bride and bridegroom the presents brought by their friends, or announcing those that are destined for them.

‘It is obvious that an entertainment,

such as that here described, cannot be afforded but by persons in tolerable circumstances. The lower classes of citizens celebrate weddings in a less expensive manner, and the peasantry merely treat their friends with bread, butter, cheese, and smoked meat. In the latter case, instead of covering the table with a cloth, it is strewn with very fine sand, in which are figured various ornaments and emblems, not always remarkable for their delicacy.

‘The supper is succeeded by a ball, during which the bride's-men seize an opportunity to carry off the bride. Hence ensues a feigned quarrel between them and the bridegroom, to whom she is not restored, but on condition that he will give a second treat, as the price of her ransom, and that the bride shall deliver to them a riband, or some other trifle, by way of pledge. This treat is accordingly given some days after the nuptials, at the expense of the young couple, whose parents pay for the wedding entertainment. The elder guests, by degrees, retire without noise; the bride slips off unperceived with her mother, and the bridegroom steals away after them. When they have retired, the younger folks resume dancing and other amusements; the article extorted from the bride is exhibited; the young man who has obtained possession of it adorns himself with it, and at length presents it to a young female of the company, generally to the sweetheart of one of his friends, on condition that she will give her hand to the latter.

‘The day after the wedding is spent in receiving the visits and congratulations of the guests who composed the joyous party. In the country none of the neighbours fail to call for this purpose, and they are treated with cake, coffee, and sugared brandy.’

In Guelderland, an ancient custom, exhibiting the simplicity of rural manners, is still kept up:—

‘On Whit Sunday, as soon as it is light, the villagers of both sexes sally forth in a body, and divide into several companies. After they have milked their cows, the various parties breakfast in different meadows in the open air, and commence the rustic festival with dances and songs. It is scarcely necessary to observe, that this day is awaited with impatience, and each damsel proceeds arm in arm with her favoured swain, to pay that homage to bountiful Nature which the cattle, cropping the herbage of the fields, seem to repeat every morning. The lover crowns the finest cow that his pretty mistress has been in the daily habit of milking; and she rewards this compliment paid to her management and skill, with a garland of flowers and a chaste kiss. On the other hand, the coquette who rejects with disdain the advances of every lover, and the slut notorious for lazy habits and disregard of cleanliness, are objects of universal contempt: there is sure to be some censor among the village youth, who fastens to the gate of the field of such a female a little straw figure of a man, or a bunch of nettles, to shame her and to make her change her conduct.’

The engravings, which are neatly coloured, exhibit the costume of the several provinces, which is generally very plain and neat; but, as they can only be properly described in reference to the plates, we pass them over, satisfied that we have quoted enough to give our readers a very favourable opinion of the tenth section of *The World in Miniature*.

Mammon in London; or, the Spy of the Day. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 643. London, 1823.

WE know not why *Mammon in London* has been suffered to remain so long on our table unnoticed: for our honour's sake we assure our readers that we have not been intimidated by the threat in the preface, that one of the eight editors who are stated to be concerned in the work, would wait 'at Long's, during Mammon's first month of accouchement, with pistols and champagne for two,' for the purpose of knocking down any person who might have the hardihood to cut up the work. All editors are heroes, if you may trust them; and we, claiming the attribute of our profession, boldly proceed to encounter Mammon in London.

It occurs to us, in the first place, that this work is not altogether original, and that we have seen some of the papers in a periodical now defunct; be this as it may, there is a great deal of smartness, many cutting sarcasms, and 'wounding flouts,' in these volumes, which the author—

'On all estates does execute

That lie within the mercy of his wit.'

Mammon in London is a satirical novel—somewhat personal, we confess—and gives a lively picture of life in the west end of the town, to which Mammon seems to have unlimited access. In the first chapter we are informed that Mammon was selected as spy ambassador for London, because all his brethren, of the lower regions, were otherwise engaged. Belphegor had fallen into great disrepute, in consequence of his unlucky marriage and failure; Moloch was busy at Verona; Belzebub was considered too useful in the bureau of foreign affairs to be spared; Belial, the patron of lies, was busy writing a history; and it was useless to talk of Asmodeus, the Devil on Two Sticks, because he had entirely taken up his quarters in London, and become a complete cockney!

The spy alights in 'that New Babylon, Regent Street,' enters the mansion of an earl in the neighbourhood; quizzes the lady's Album,—which he designates as the 'paradise for fools,' a 'micro-chaos, where all manner of humours contend for mastery;' inhabits the 'outward man' of a suicidal lover, Sir George Volatile, and then sallies forth in search of new adventures, through which, we confess our inability to follow him. He attends a masquerade at the Opera House, calls in at Tattersall's, accepts an invitation to the Committee of Taste of a celebrated gastronome, whom he bedevils under the name of Dr. Apicius, and describes, with great felicity, the party he meets with, many of the characters, we suspect, being por-

traits—attends a conversation, lounges at the Opera, takes a bird's eye view of the Exhibition at Somerset House, sets at a gambling-house; in short, pushes his ubiquity to a most unwarrantable extent, until, getting involved in the Cato-Street conspiracy, he prefers returning to the infernal regions to the chance of being hung and mutilated, 'facing on the debtor's door' (as our last dying speech criers have it), in the Old Bailey.

The principal fault of *Mammon in London* is its total want of consecutiveness. There is no story; but we have a succession of sketches—animated ones, we admit—but so destitute of connection or arrangement that they might, like twelfth-night characters, be shaken together, and taken just as they chanced to come uppermost. The author is evidently acquainted with 'Life in London' as it is exhibited in the higher, and by no means the most amiable, classes of society. Many vivid pictures are drawn of scenes which have more reality in them than some of the readers of *Mammon in London* may be aware of; we have, however, little room for quotation, and shall therefore only make two extracts: the first is descriptive of a masquerade at the Opera House:—

'The Opera House is the most magnificent of theatres. The immense height, and colossal sweep of the boxes, the sumptuousness of their hangings, relieved by the lightness of the paintings in compartments, (a delicate blue ground, with broad gold frames), are less a subject of admiration than the extraordinary excellence of the lighting, which diffuses an agreeable brilliancy over every portion of the striking scene. At all times it is an imposing spectacle; but, on the occasion of the masquerade, the brilliant decorations, the immense profusion of light, the incomparable melody of the orchestra, the gorgeousness of some of the dresses, the *bizarrierie* of others, and the countless diversity of both, had a combined effect upon the mind, uniting the splendour of fairy land with the incoherent profusion of a dream. But, after seeing it, I remain decidedly convinced that the English are not a masquerading people. An English masquerade ought to be called a masquerade in disguise. The thing is an exotic, and cannot be naturalized. To be fit for one, an Englishman must have some of the 'skyey influences' of southern suns infused into the stagnant current of his phlegm-impaired blood; and to fancy him so Italianized or Frenchified is to picture an elephant dancing, or the ambitious donkey of *Æsop* endeavouring to wag his tail like the lap-dog. The defect, to my first notion, bore the semblance of a virtue, and I gave him credit for it; but, on second thoughts, I changed my opinion. It is necessary to take the compliment to his superior ballast of judgment *cum grano salis*. What gallantry wants in sprightliness is too often made up in grossness. So it was at the masquerade: the salt of wit evaporating left nothing to the character but a *caput mortuum* of license. There were no redeeming sweetness, no *dulcia vitia* in the scene, to make an

agreeable mixture with its pertness or bitterness. After blowing away the froth, nothing remained but sediment and dregs. The sociability, such as it was, was vulgar. Instead of Falstaff's sack, you were presented with a yard of tape. The mirth of the characters was the most kill-joy kind of thing I ever witnessed—the repartees the most pointless. The wit, such as it was, was of *attic* extraction; it appeared to come from the regions of Greece, (no doubt the *lower* empire) although it certainly was not Corinthian. All the *dramatis personæ* were clowns! and those who did, *par éminence*, "enact the clown" showed a "pitiful ambition," indeed—not, as Hamlet says, of saying "more than is set down," but, like Juliet, of speaking, yet saying nothing. They were, for the most part, as grave as Midas, and as taciturn as Lord Burleigh. Milton's hell did not produce so many chimeras as the characters:

'Abominable, unutterable, worse

Than fables yet have feigned, or thought conceived—

Gorgons and monsters and chimeras dire.'

There were banditti "whiskered like the pard," who lisped soft nothings to the Cynthias of the moment. Columbines, as clumsy as if "nature's journeymen" had made them: harlequins whose limbs appeared to have been purchased at an auction. There was a prodigious number of nuns, of whom it was not difficult to pronounce to what *sisterhood* they appertained. There was a dandified puppy with a *bonne*; a gentleman in court dress, whose language showed that he was familiar with the courts of Drury Lane. A most amorous parson was there; and a fair Carnalite, whose promise of absolution might have satisfied the qualms of Demosthenes himself. Two Franciscans, who appeared by their slang to have visited the *Holy Land*. A shepherdess, well known to be *Arcadean*, in pastoral communication with Corinthian Tom: and Peter the Hermit was a great deal too intimate with Nan of Wapping. In one place was a Turk, whose sole occupation consisted in violating the law of the Koran against wine. In another, a Zany, who had slipped by accident into his *proper* character. There was a Jupiter, with a flaxen wig; a goddess of Wisdom, who appeared to be a horned idiot; a Cupid in worsted stockings, as tall as a grenadier; and a majestic Juno, just three feet eleven. Kings there were, who talked the language of the Fives Court; John Bulls, who lisped like milliners' shopmen; and exquisites, whose wit flavoured of the cask. There were two or three savages who behaved themselves like finished gentlemen—three most respectable monsters; a crocodile, "with his hands in his breeches pockets;" a Mermaid, who looked like a *loose fish*; a boar, who was indeed a bore; and a bear, who was by far the most bearable personage in the theatre.

'There was once a great physiognomist who affected to judge of the moral character from the hand-writing. Perhaps it were "considering too nicely," to judge of masqueraders from their masks, unless the

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rule of contraries be made the criterion. For example, handsome features are generally covered by an ugly mask, on the same principle as a pretty woman selects an ordinary personage for her female friend, by way of foil, in order to make the *piquante* more so by contrast, as we take olives to relish claret. On the contrary, the lady to whom nature has played the part of step-mother in denying beauty generally contrives to wear a mask copied from the Greek *beau idéal*. Ask her to remove her mask; "Oh dear no;" (a pretty woman always contrives to drop hers). "There is that beneath which 'passeth show,' and this the false face must hide." She has thus the unquestioned pleasure of being admired, as the players say, for "one night only." There is no alloy from rivalry. If the pleasure be short, it is sweet. Even Cinderella was obliged to relapse into Cinderella when the clock struck twelve.

The following is a fashionable glossary, of which we shall only say, "true, 'tis pity—pity 'tis 'tis true:—"

'Age, an infirmity nobody owns.—*At Home*, the domestic amusements of three hundred visitors, in a small room, to yawn at each other.—*Bore*, every thing one dislikes. It also means any person talking of religion.—*Buying*, ordering goods without purpose of paying.—*Conscience*, something to swear by.—*Common Sense*, a vulgar quality.—*Coachman*, a gentleman or accomplished nobleman.—*Chariot*, a vehicle for one's servants, the dickey being the seat for the ladies, and the coach-box for the gentlemen.—*Charity*, a golden ticket to Catalani or any other favourite performer.—*Debt*, a necessary evil.—*Duty*, doing as other people do.—*Dress*, half naked.—*Decency*, keeping up an appearance.—*Day*, night; or, strictly speaking, from 10 p. m. to 6. a. m.—*Economy*, obsolete.—*Fortune*, the *summum bonum*.—*Fashion*, the *Je ne sçai quoi* of excellence.—*Friend*, meaning not known.—*Husband*, a person to pay your debts.—*Home*, every one's house but your own.—*Hospitality*, obsolete.—*Honour*, standing fire well.—*Highly accomplished*, reading music at sight, painting flowers for the border of a screen, and a talent for guessing charades.—*Love*, meaning not known, now that the ossification of the heart has become a fashionable disease; but the word is still to be found in novels and romances.—*Matrimony*, a bargain.—*Morality*, a troublesome interruption to pleasure.—*Music*, execution.—*Modest*, sheepish.—*Morning*, from noon to sun-set.—*Nonsense*, polite conversation.—*New*, delightful.—*Not at Home*, sitting in your own drawing-room.—*Prudence*, parsimony.—*Pay*, only applied to visits.—*Prodigality*, generosity.—*Piety*, hypocrisy.—*Religion*, occupying a seat in some genteel chapel.—*Spirit*, contempt of decorum and morality.—*Style*, splendid extravagance.—*Time*, only regarded in music.—*Truth*, meaning uncertain.—*Vice*, any fault in horses and servants.—*Wicked*, irresistibly agreeable.—*World*, the circle of fashionable people when in town.

Corallina; or, a Classical Arrangement of Flexible Coralline Polypidoms. Selected from the French of J. V. F. Lamouroux, D. E. S. 8vo. pp. 284. London, 1824.

THANKS to the intellectual spirit of the age, ladies' literature is no longer confined to the Universal Dream Book, the Domestic Cookery, and such other works as formerly constituted the library of English females: we have now female novelists, female dramatists, female poets, and female philosophers, who are not prevented from penetrating the temple of science, which so long seemed to frown on their approach. The work before us is an instance of this; for, although it is not written, it is translated, by a lady, who appears to be quite an enthusiast in the science of marine botany and all its associations. We are aware that a study of this nature is not likely to become very popular, but there are few persons who visit a watering place that would not derive additional pleasure from a knowledge of those treasures of the deep, which excite their wonder and admiration.

The term polypidom has been adopted, as signifying the dome or dwelling of the polypi with which the ocean is so thickly peopled; and which, notwithstanding the information of celebrated voyagers and philosophers, are but very imperfectly known. M. Lamouroux has, however, investigated the subject very closely, dividing them into several classes and genera, all of which are very minutely described. As every discovery of the naturalist develops some new link in the great chain of nature, the study is a laudable one; for, as God made nothing in vain, the discovery of any new work of creation must increase our idea of his power and beneficence:—

'Much yet remains unknown of those polypidoms which people the vast empire of the deep; a very small number of their polypi have been observed, and entire orders still exist, whose animals have not to this moment been discovered: no light has been thrown on their organization, their growth, or their continuance; all yet remains in obscurity respecting the physiology of this singular class of organization; but that they are wholly animal remains no longer a doubt, and the term zoophyte, though still used, becomes, from its significance of animal plant, not strictly applicable.

'The polypidoms present no character so decided, as serving for habitation, and forming the most solid part of many living animals, united, and incapable of voluntary separation from each other. These animals, or polypi, have but one character in common, that of being continually attached to an animated mass, sharing in, and contributing to, its existence; and, notwithstanding this involuntary attachment to the colony, each individual possessing a life peculiar to itself, and distinct from the rest of the colony, all the polypi of a polypidom participate in its existence; and the food which one of these little creatures takes in extends its influence to the most distant part of the colony it belongs to.'

We shall not enter into any analysis of this work, nor are its details, though interesting to the student in this branch of natural history, of such a nature as to furnish us with a popular extract; the introduction, however, contains some curious facts on the utility of the coralline polypidoms, which we shall quote:—

'The unreflecting may ask, what is the utility of these creatures; too small to afford material nourishment to others, yet capable of rendering venomous those which partake of the little they can supply? Devoured by fishes, the polypi have rendered those fishes so unwholesome, that soldiers who have fed on them have experienced maladies so serious and so general, that the expedition for which they were intended has been necessarily given up.

'Other species of fish, and in particular the mollusca, when fished from these madreporous rocks, have been found to possess an insufferable stench; this may be occasioned by the polypi being in a state of decomposition, as their fetidness is then sufficiently powerful to cause vertigos, and even suspended animation; as I myself experienced whilst preparing the Antipathes Myriophylla, which a friend had sent me from Nice.

'Sometimes they wholly envelop in a calcareous coating the vegetables of the sea; and, in obstructing the pores necessary for their aliment, cause them to perish in an animated prison. Innumerable instances of their power of annoyance might be adduced, such as choking up harbours, causing shipwrecks, &c. &c.

'But He who formed the universe created nothing in vain! His works all harmonize to blessings, unbounded by the mightiest or most minute of His creation. Each day displays to the reflecting, new proofs of His wisdom in new developments of His plans, and gives fresh force to the conviction that our ignorance alone must obscure our view, when we cannot comprehend His aim of eternal good.

'On land, the vegetable tribes absorb the carbonic acid our inhalations have created, and return us the life-giving oxygen. In the bosom of the deep, the Polypi absorb the calcareous salts brought from the various countries whose coasts it has visited; which salts, by an eternal increase, might otherwise prove as destructive to its inhabitants, as the carbonic acid proves to those on land; but the polypi collect, decompose, and render them insoluble to the surrounding element which their labours have thus purified; they unite them in a mass of such extent, that in the course of time the domain of man becomes enlarged, and vegetation blooms and blesses with its fruits on the structures that have ceased to serve them.

'One circumstance worthy to be observed must not be omitted. To the assistance of lime we owe the elegance and solidity of our buildings, particularly the latter. The calcareous stone, or carbonate of lime, that Proteus of the mineral world, is wholly wanting in the equatorial regions: may we

not be allowed to consider these madreporous polypidoms as destined to supply its absence? At Djeddah in Arabia, and on many other parts of the Red Sea coast, the houses are constructed with blocks of beautiful madreporine. In the Indian Isles, as well as in those of the Eastern Ocean, and in many other parts, the madreporine is used for the manufacture of lime: at Martinique they drag them for that purpose from the bottom of the sea.

What could we substitute for the sponges in medicine, or for domestic uses? where should we find a substance equal to this polypean production in the property of imbibing water, without any diminution of elasticity or alteration of its nature? The sponges we have in use are found in the equinoctial seas of both worlds, and in the warmest parts of the temperate zones: they are an object of considerable commerce; many of the Mediterranean isles have no other product to export.

In France, and throughout Europe, the corallina officinalis is used as a powerful anthelmintic; it is known under the name of Coralline of Corsica, and brought from the different parts of the Mediterranean; it is very abundant on the western coasts of France, and also on the shores of England. Sir H. Davy has remarked, that it has a fattening tendency, as well as others of its family.

The inhabitants of Iceland, celebrated for its frosts and its volcanos, make use of a flustra in the form of snuff, to excite sneezing: either on account of its agreeable smell, resembling violets, or as a preservative against the scurvy, so dangerous in those regions.

To conclude. In all ages and in all countries, men have acknowledged the beauty of the coral. Warriors have always employed it in the decoration of their arms, and women in their dress. The physicians of the middle ages looked upon it as a universal remedy; and the priests of ancient religions, as an object acceptable to the gods.

Nineteen well executed lithographic plates illustrate this curious volume, which may justly be considered as an acceptable addition to natural history.

Some Ancient Christmas Carols, with the Tunes to which they were formerly Sung in the West of England. Together with Two Ancient Ballads, a Dialogue, &c. Collected by DAVIES GILBERT, F. R. S. F. A. S., &c. Second Edition. 8vo. pp. 79. London, 1823.

The first edition of Mr. Gilbert's Christmas Carols has already been noticed in *The Literary Chronicle*, and, as we are old-fashioned enough to like these memorials of 'Auld lang syne,' we are induced to notice the second edition, which is so much enlarged as to render it almost a new work. The first edition was confined to eight carols; in the second we have twenty, to which are added two ancient ballads, which succeeded, as a main article of amusement,

when religious carolling had passed away; and a dialogue between the Husbandman and the Serving-man, a great favourite at country merry-makings. Of the ballads the tunes are added, as well as of one of the carols, and the airs of two songs; one a Jacobite relic, and the other a specimen of the Celtic muse. The editor has also introduced a cushion dance, which, he says, 'used to be performed not only at Christmas, but on all other festive occasions, and is said to have continued in fashion, however strange such a fashion may appear, to about the time of the revolution.' The editor need not have stopped at this period, for we can assure him the cushion dance did not; but was, within a few years, and is, perhaps, at present, the concluding sport of the Christmas banquet, in the north of England, though the song was omitted. The custom there was for a gentleman to begin dancing with the cushion, generally a pillow, which, after some time, he dropped at the feet of a young lady, and fell on his knees upon it; the lady followed his example, received a kiss, and, taking up the cushion, danced also, and then dropped it to some gentleman, fell also on her knees, and thus invited him to salute her: this mode was continued through the whole of the company. The cushion dance introduced by Mr. Gilbert, to which he has added the tune, is called 'Joan Sanderson,' and is thus described:—

'The dance is begun by a single person (either man or woman), who, taking a cushion in their hand, dances about the room, and at the end of the tune they stop and sing, "This dance it will no further go." The musicians answer, "I pray you, good Sir, why say you so?"—*Man*. "Because Joan Sanderson will not come too."—*Musicians*. "She must come too, and she shall come too, and she must come whether she will or no."—Then he lays down the cushion before the woman; on which she kneels, and he kisses her, singing, "Welcome, Joan Sanderson, welcome, welcome." Then she rises, takes up the cushion, and both dance, singing, "Princum Prankum is a fine dance, and shall we go dance it once again, and once again, and shall we go dance it once again." Then making a stop, the woman sings as before, "This dance it will no further go."—*Musicians*, "I pray you, good madam, why say you so?"—*Woman*. "Because John Sanderson will not come too."—*Musicians*. "He must come too, and he shall come too, and he must come whether he will or no." And so she lays down the cushion before a man, who kneeling upon it, salutes her; she singing, "Welcome, John Sanderson, welcome, welcome." Then he takes up the cushion, they take hands, and dance round the room singing as before. And thus they do, till the whole company are taken into the ring; and, if there is company enough, make a little ring in its middle, and within that ring set a chair, and lay the cushion in it, and the first man set in it. Then the cushion is laid before the first man, the woman singing, "This dance it will no further go;" and as before, only instead of "Come to," they

sing, "Go fro;" and instead of "Welcome, John Sanderson," they sing "Farewell, John Sanderson, farewell, farewell;" and so they go out one by one as they came in. Note.—The women are kissed by all the men in the ring at their coming and going out, and likewise the men by all the women.

The following extract from Seldon's Table Talk is given in Brand's Popular Antiquities, as republished by Mr. Ellis, 2 vols. 4to. 1813, vol. II. p. 85:—

"The Court of England is much altered. At a solemn dancing, first you have the grave measures, then the corrontos and the galliards, and this is kept up with ceremony; at length to French-more (it should be trench-more), and the cushion dance, and then all the company dance; lord and groom, lady and kitchen-maid, no distinction. So in our Court in Queen Elizabeth's time, gravity and state were kept up. In King James's time things were pretty well; but in King Charles's time, there has been nothing but trench-more and the cushion-dance."

The trenchmore here alluded to, is thus described in Archdeacon Nares's Glossary, a work that never fails us in an explanation of ancient customs:—

'Trenchmore—a kind of lively tune in triple time, to which it was usual to dance in a rough and boisterous manner; in fact, a kind of romping dance, like the cushion dance, with which it was classed; or the more modern country bumpkin. In the *Rehearsal*, the sun, moon, and the earth, are said to dance the hey to the tune of trenchmore.'

We are sure we need say nothing in praise of Mr. Gilbert's work. It would be high treason to a roast turkey and plum pudding not to approve of Christmas Carols, and we hope the author will extend his researches, well assured that he will still find new materials to make even a third or a fourth edition acceptable to the public.

The Adventures of Hajji Baba of Ispahan. 3 vols. foolscap 8vo. pp. 1063. London, 1823.

WHOEVER may be the author of the adventures of Hajji Baba, there is little doubt that he is the same gentleman to whom the public is indebted for Anastasius, one of the most charming works that has issued from the press for many years: and, although the work now before us may be somewhat inferior in the powerfully exciting interest of the story, and in delicacy of sentiment and vividness of description, yet it has great merit, and could only have been produced by an author of the very first rate-talents. The object of both works is to introduce us to a more intimate acquaintance with the manners and peculiarities of the countries they describe. In Anastasius, Greece and Turkey seemed unmasked before us, and Hajji Baba gives an equally faithful picture of Persian and Turkish society.

In an introduction of some length, signed Peregrine Persic, and dedicated to the

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Chaplain of the Swedish Embassy at Constantinople, we are told of the manner in which the adventures of Hajji Baba, which are related by himself, fell into the hands of the editor. This introduction, we confess, does not please us; it is an imitation of similar prefaces by the author of Waverley, and is unworthy of an author who writes so well as he proves himself capable of doing in this work.

Hajji Baba is represented as the son of one of the most celebrated barbers of Ispahan, whose dexterity in the use of the razor enabled him, in the course of twenty years, to add a second wife to his harem, of whom our hero was delivered, during the pilgrimage the couple made to the tomb of Hosein at Kerbelah, whence he was called Hajji, or the pilgrim. Under the care of a school-master whom his father shaved, he received his education, and shaved and wrote, and wrote and shaved, until, at the age of sixteen, it was difficult to determine whether he was most accomplished as a barber or a scholar. A Bagdad merchant, on whom young Hajji often operated with his razor, filled him with a love of travel, and, taking him into his service in the double capacity of shaver and scribe, enabled him to see the world, by accompanying a caravan of five hundred mules and horses, and two hundred camels, laden with merchandize for the north of Persia. They soon encounter a party of Turcomans, who make them prisoners. Hajji and his master luckily fall into the hands of the same master, the Lion Chief, with whom he becomes a great favourite on account of the use he made of a pair of razors, with which his father provided him. He gets possession of fifty ducats, which the Turcomans had taken from his master, determines on keeping them himself, and becomes a guide to the Turcomans in invading his native city, after a year's captivity. In the fray at Ispahan he encounters his father, who, hearing the commotion, had left his bed to secure the property in his shop, which, altogether, did not consist of more than half a dozen towels, a case of razors, soap, and a carpet: on recognising him, he let him go, exclaiming, in Turkish, 'he won't do for us, he is only a barber.' Three prisoners, however, were carried off:—

'One was a tall thin man, about fifty years of age, with a sharp eye, a hollow aguish cheek, a scanty beard, wearing a pair of silken drawers, and a shawl under-coat. The other was a short round man, of a middle age, with a florid face, dressed in a dark vest, buttoning over his breast, and looked like an officer of the law. The third was stout and hairy, of rough aspect, of a strong vigorous form, and who was bound with more care than the others on account of the superior resistance which he had made. After we had finished our meal, and distributed the remains of it to the prisoners, we called them before us, and questioned them as to their professions and situations in life. The tall thin man, upon whose rich appearance the Turcomans founded their chief hope, was first examined, and, as I was the only one of our party who could talk

Persian, I stood interpreter. "Who and what are you?" said Aslan Sultan. "I," said the prisoner, in a very subdued voice, "I beg to state, for the good of your service, that I am nothing—I am a poor man."

"What's your business?"

"I am a poet, at your service: what can I do more?"

"A poet!" cried one of the roughest of the Turcomans; "what is that good for?"

"Nothing," answered Aslan Sultan, in a rage; "he won't fetch ten tomanus*: poets are always poor, and live upon what they can cozen from others. Who will ransom a poet? But, if you are so poor," said Aslan Sultan, "how do you come by those rich clothes?"

"They are part of a dress of honour," returned the poet, "which was lately conferred upon me by the Prince of Shiraz, for having written some verses in his praise."

"Upon which the clothes were taken from him, and a sheep-skin cloak given to him in return, and he was dismissed for the present. Then came the short man. "Who are you?" said the chief: "what is your profession?"

"I am a poor cadi," answered the other.

"How came you to sleep in a fine bed, if you are poor?" said his interrogator. "You father of a dog, if you lie, we'll take your head off! Confess that you are rich! All cadies are rich: they live by selling themselves to the highest bidder."

"I am a cadi of Galadoun, at your service," said the prisoner. "I was ordered to Ispahan by the governor to settle for the rent of a village which I occupy."

"Where is the money for your rent?" said Aslan.

"I came to say," answered the cadi, "that I had no money to give, for that the locusts had destroyed all my last year's crops, and that there had been a want of water."

"Then, after all, what is this fellow worth?" said one of the gang.

"He is worth a good price," replied the chief, "if he happens to be a good cadi, for then the peasants may wish him back again; but, if not, a *dinar* is too much for him. We must keep him:—perhaps he is of more value than a merchant would be. But let us see how much this other fellow is likely to fetch."

"They then brought the rough man before them, and Aslan Sultan questioned him in the usual manner—"What are you?"

"I am a *ferash*" (a carpet spreader), said he, in a very sulky manner.

"A *ferash*!" cried out the whole gang—"a *ferash*!" The fellow lies! How came you to sleep in a fine bed?" said one.

"It was not mine," he answered, "it was my master's."

"He lies! he lies!" they all cried out: "he is a merchant—you are a merchant. Own it, or we'll put you to death."

* A toman is the principal gold of Persia, worth about 14s.

'In vain he asserted that he was only a carpet-spreader; nobody believed him, and he received so many blows from different quarters, that at last he was obliged to roar out that he was a merchant.

'But I, who judged from the appearance of the man that he could not be a merchant, but that he was what he owned himself to be, assured my companions that they had got but a sorry prize in him, and advised them to release him; but immediately I was assailed in my turn with a thousand maledictions and was told that if I chose to take part with my countrymen, I should share their fate, and become a slave again—so I was obliged to keep my peace, and permit the ruffians to have their own way.

'Their speculation in man-stealing having proved so unfortunate, they were in no very good humour with their excursion, and there was a great difference of opinion amongst them, what should be done with such worthless prisoners. Some were for keeping the cadi, and killing the poet and the *ferash*, and others for preserving the cadi for ransom, and making the *ferash* a slave; but all seemed to be for killing the poet.

'I could not help feeling much compassion for this man, who in fact appeared to be, from his manners and general deportment, a man of consequence, although he had pleaded poverty; and, seeing it likely to go very hard with him, I said, "What folly are you about to commit! Kill the poet! why it will be worse than killing the goose with the golden egg. Don't you know that poets are very rich sometimes, and can, if they choose, become rich at all times, for they carry their wealth in their head? Did you never hear of the king who gave a famous poet a *miscal** of gold for every stanza which he composed? Is not the same thing said of the present Shah? and—who knows?—perhaps your prisoner may be the king's poet laureat himself."

"Is that the case?" said one of the gang; "then let him make stanzas for us immediately, and, if they don't fetch a *miscal* each, he shall die."

Hajji escapes from the Turcomans, and falls into the hands of his own countrymen, by whom he is much worse treated; he is carried to Meshed, where he becomes a *saka*, or water-carrier, on the advice of a friend he consults. He says,—

'I forthwith laid out my money in buying a leather sack, with a brass cock, which I slung round my body, and also a bright drinking cup. After having filled it with water, and let it soak for some time, in order to do away the bad smell of the leather, I sallied forth and proceeded to the tomb, where I immediately began my operations. The cry I adopted was "water, water! in the name of the Imâm, water." This I chanted with all the force and swell of my lungs, and, having practised under the tuition of the muleteer for two days before, I was assured that I acquitted myself as well as the oldest practitioners. As soon as I

* Twenty-four grains make one *miscal*.

appeared, I immediately drew the attention of the other sakas, who seemed to question the right I had to exercise their profession. When I showed myself at the reservoir, to draw water, they would have quarrelled with me, and one attempted to push me in; but they found me resolute, and that my resolution was backed by a set of strong and active limbs, and, therefore, they confined themselves to abusive language, of which being the entire master, I soon got the lead, and completely silenced them. Nature, in fact, seemed to have intended me for a saka. The water which I had a moment before drawn from a filthy reservoir, I extolled as having flowed from a spring created by Ali in person, equal to the sacred well of *Zem Zem*, and a branch of the river which flows through Paradise. It is inconceivable how it was relished, and how considerable was the money I received for giving it gratis. I was always on the watch to discover when a new set of pilgrims should arrive, and, before they had even alighted from their mules, all dusty from the road, and all happy at having escaped the Turcomans, I plied them in the name of the prophet with a refreshing draught, and made them recollect that, this being the first devotional act which they performed on reaching Meshed, so, out of gratitude for their safe arrival, they ought to reward me liberally; and my admonitions were scarcely ever disregarded.

Hajji sprains his back in a feat of strength before the prince, changes his profession, and becomes 'an itinerant vendor of smoke,' or a retailer of pipes and tobacco ready lighted. His principal customer is a dervish:—

'Dervish Sefer (for that was his name) was a man of peculiar aspect. He had a large aquiline nose, piercing black eyes, a thick beard, and a great quantity of jet black hair flowing over his shoulders. His conical cap was embroidered all over with sentences from the Koran, and holy invocations: the skin of a red deer was fastened loosely upon his back, with the hairy side outwards: he bore in hand a long steel staff, which he generally carried on his shoulder, and in the other a calabash, suspended by three chains, which he extended whenever he deigned to ask the charity of passengers. In his girdle he wore large agate clasps, from which hung a quantity of heavy wooden beads; and, as he swung himself along through the streets and bazars, there was so much of wildness and solicitude in all his words and actions, that he did not fail to inspire a certain awe in all beholders. This, I afterwards learnt, was put on, in order to suit the character which he had adopted; for, when he smoked my pipes, if no one chanced to be present, he was the most natural and unreserved of beings. Our acquaintance soon improved into intimacy, and, at length, he introduced me into a small circle of dervishes, men of his own turn and profession, with whom he lived almost exclusively, and I was invited to frequent their meetings. It is true that this did not suit my views in the smoking line,

for they together consumed more of my good tobacco than did the rest of my other customers put together; but their society was so agreeable, that I could not resist the temptation.

'Dervish Sefer, one evening, when we had smoked more than usual, said to me, "Hajji Baba, you are too much of a man to be a seller of smoke all your life:—why do you not turn dervish, like us? We hold men's beards as cheap as dirt; and, although our existence is precarious, yet it is one of great variety, as well as of great idleness. We look upon mankind as fair game—we live upon their weakness and credulity; and, from what I have seen of you, I think you would do honour to our profession, and, in time, become as celebrated as even the famous Sheikh Saadi himself." This speech was applauded by the other two, who pressed my entering upon their profession. I was nothing loath, but I pleaded my ignorance of the necessary qualifications. "How is it possible," said I, "that a being so ignorant and unexperienced as I am can at once attain to all the learning requisite for a dervish? I know how to read and write, 'tis true; I have gone through the Koran, and have my Hafiz and Saadi nearly by heart; besides which, I have read a great part of the Shah Nameh of Ferdusi, but beyond that I am totally ignorant." "Ah, my friend," said Dervish Sefer, "little do you know of dervishes, and still less of human kind. It is not great learning that is required to make a dervish: assurance is the first ingredient. With one-fiftieth part of the accomplishments that you have mentioned, and with only a common share of effrontery, I promise you that you may command not only the purses, but even the lives, of your hearers. By impudence I have been a prophet, by impudence I have wrought miracles, by impudence I have restored the dying to health—by impudence, in short, I lead a life of great ease, and am feared and respected by those who, like you, do not know what dervishes are. If I chose to give myself the trouble, and incur the risks which Mahomed himself did, I might even now become as great a prophet as he. It would be as easy for me to cut the moon in two with my finger as it was for him, provided I once made my hearers have confidence in me; and impudence will do that, and more, if exerted in a proper manner." When Dervish Sefer had done talking, his companions applauded what he had said, and they related so many curious anecdotes of the feats which they had performed, that I became very anxious to know more of these extraordinary men. They promised to relate the history of their lives at our next meeting, and, in the mean while, recommended me strongly to turn my thoughts to a line of life more dignified, and fuller of enjoyment, than that of a vagabond seller of adulterated smoke.'

The stories of the dervishes are highly amusing, and Hajji determines on becoming one. Accompanied by Dervish Sefer, he quits Meshed for Tehran; before he ven-

tures to practise as a dervish, he resolves to try his talent in relating a story before a Semnan audience. The story is that of a barber of Bagdad, who, bargaining with a wood-cutter for all the wood on his ass, insists on the pack-saddle also; he appeals to the caliph, without any redress; but a suggestion how to be even with the barber:

'The wood-cutter having made his obeisances, returned to his ass, which was tied without, took it by the halter, and proceeded to his home. A few days after, he applied to the barber, as if nothing had happened between them, requesting that he and a companion of his from the country might enjoy the dexterity of his hand; and the price at which both operations were to be performed was settled. When the wood-cutter's crown had been properly shorn, Ali Sakal asked where his companion was. "He is just standing without here," said the other, "and he shall come in presently." Accordingly he went out, and returned, leading his ass after him by the halter. "This is my companion," said he, "and you must shave him." "Shave him," exclaimed the barber, in the greatest surprise; "it is enough that I have consented to demean myself by touching you, and do you insult me by asking me to do as much to your ass? Away with you, or I'll send you both to *Jehanum*;" and forthwith drove them out of his shop.

'The wood-cutter immediately went to the Caliph, was admitted to his presence, and related his case. "'Tis well," said the commander of the faithful: "bring Ali Sakal and his razors to me this instant," he exclaimed to one of his officers; and, in the course of ten minutes, the barber stood before him. "Why do you refuse to shave this man's companion?" said the Caliph to the barber: "was not that your agreement?" Ali, kissing the ground, answered. "'Tis true, O Caliph, that such was our agreement; but who ever made a companion of an ass before? or who ever before thought of treating it like a true believer?" "You may say right," said the Caliph: "but, at the same time, who ever thought of insisting upon a pack-saddle being included in a load of wood? No, no, it is the wood-cutter's turn now. To the ass immediately, or you know the consequences." The barber was then obliged to prepare a great quantity of soap, to lather the beast from head to foot, and to shave him in the presence of the Caliph and of the whole court, whilst he was jeered and mocked by the taunts and laughing of all the by-standers. The poor wood-cutter was then dismissed, with an appropriate present of money, and all Bagdad resounded with the story, and celebrated the justice of the commander of the faithful.'

Hajji proceeds to Tehran, and calls on the poet, who had just returned from captivity. Through his means, he becomes servant to the king's physician, who makes use of him to prevent the growing popularity of an European physician that had arrived with an ambassador from the Franks, of whom he gives a strange account:—

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He pretends to the knowledge of a great many things of which we have never yet heard in Persia. He makes no distinction between hot and cold diseases, and hot and cold remedies, as Galenus and Avicenna have ordained; but gives mercury by way of a cooling medicine; stabs the belly with a sharp instrument for wind in the stomach; and, what is worse than all, pretends to do away with the small-pox altogether, by infusing into our nature a certain extract of cow, a discovery which one of their philosophers has lately made. Now this will never do, Hajji. The small-pox has always been a comfortable source of revenue to me; I cannot afford to lose it because an infidel chooses to come here and treat us like cattle.

Of the Europeans, generally, he says,—

“Their manners and customs are totally different to ours, that is true,” replied Mirza Ahmak; “and you may form some idea of them, when I tell you that, instead of shaving their heads and letting their beards grow, as we do, they do the very contrary, for not a vestige of hair is to be seen on their chins, and their hair is as thick on their heads as if they had made a vow never to cut it off: then, they sit on little platforms, whilst we squat on the ground; they take up their food with claws made of iron, whilst we use our fingers; they are always walking about, we keep seated; they wear tight clothes, we loose ones; they write from left to right, we from right to left; they never pray, we five times a day; in short, there is no end to what might be related of them; but most certain it is, that they are the most filthy people on the earth, for they hold nothing to be unclean; they eat all sorts of animals, from a pig to a tortoise, without the least scruple, and that without first cutting their throats; they will dissect a dead body, without requiring any purification after it, and perform all the brute functions of their nature, without ever thinking it necessary to go to the hot bath, or even rubbing themselves with sand after them.”

Hajji, failing in getting a salary from the doctor, falls in love with his favourite Curdish slave, Zeenab, whose history forms an interesting episode. Hajji's master, the chief physician, determines on giving an entertainment to the Shah, with the description of which we conclude for the present:—

“The only persons, besides servants, admitted into the saloon where the Shah dined, were the three princes, his sons, who had accompanied him; and they stood at the farthest end, with their backs against the wall, attired in dresses of ceremony, with swords by their sides. Mirza Ahmak remained in attendance without. A cloth, of the finest Cashmerian shawl fringed with gold, was then spread on the carpet, before the king, by the chief of the valets, and a gold ewer and basin were presented for washing hands. The dinner was then brought in trays, which, as a precaution against poison, had been sealed with the signet of the head steward before they left

the kitchen, and were broken open by him again in the presence of the Shah. Here were displayed all the refinements of cookery: rice, in various shapes, smoked upon the board; first, the chilau, as white as snow; then the pilau, with a piece of boiled lamb smothered in the rice; then another pilau, with a baked fowl in it; a fourth, coloured with saffron, mixed up with dried peas; and at length, the king of Persian dishes, the *narinj pilau*, made with slips of orange-peel, spices of all sorts, almonds, and sugar: salmon and herring, from the Caspian Sea, were seen among the dishes; and trout from the river Zengi, near Erivan: then, in china basins and bowls of different sizes were the ragouts, which consisted of hash made of a fowl boiled to rags, stewed up with rice, sweet herbs, and onions; a stew, in which was a lamb's marrow-bone, with some loose flesh about it, and boiled in its own juice; small gourds, crammed with force-meat, and done in butter; a fowl stewed to rags, with a brown sauce of prunes; a large omelette, about two inches thick; a cup full of the essence of meat, mixed up with the rags of lamb, almonds, prunes, and tamarinds, which was poured upon the top of the chilau; a plate of poached eggs, fried in sugar and butter; a dish of *badenjans*, slit in the middle and boiled in grease; a stew of venison; and a great variety of other messes, too numerous to mention. After these came the roasts. A lamb was served up hot from the spit, the tail of which, like marrow, was curled up over its back. Partridges, and what is looked upon as the rarest delicacy in Persia, two *capk derch*, partridges of the valley, were procured on the occasion. Pheasants from Mazanderan were there also, as well as some of the choicest bits of the wild ass and antelope. The display and the abundance of delicacies surprised every one; and they were piled up in such profusion around the king, that he seemed almost to form a part of the heap. I do not mention the innumerable little accessories of preserves, pickles, cheese, butter, onions, celery, salt, pepper, sweets, and sours, which were to be found in different parts of the tray, for that would be tedious: but the sherbets were worthy of notice, from their peculiar delicacy; these were contained in immense bowls of the most costly china, and drank by the help of spoons of the most exquisite workmanship, made of the pear-tree. They consisted of the common lemonade, made with superior art; of the *sekenjebin*, or vinegar, sugar, and water, so mixed that the sour and the sweet were as equally balanced as the blessings and miseries of life; the sherbet of sugar and water, with rose-water to give it a perfume, and sweet seeds to increase its flavour; and that made of the pomegranate; all highly cooled by lumps of floating ice.

The king then, doubling himself down with his head reclining towards his food, buried his hands in the pilaus and other dishes before him, and eat in silence, whilst the princes and the servants in waiting, in attitudes of respect, remained immoveable.

When he had finished he got up, and walked into an adjoining room, where he washed his hands, drank his coffee, and smoked his water-pipe. (To be continued.)

Cornelii Nepotis Vitæ Excellentium Imperatorum, ad Fidem optimorum Codicum castigatæ; Notis, Chronologia, Calendario, Vocabulario, et Nominum Propriorum Indice. Illustratæ studio ALEXANDRI STEWART. 18mo. pp. 363. Edinburgh and London, 1823.

This is the most complete edition of Cornelius Nepos that we have seen, and only requires to be known to be adopted in every school where the Latin language is taught. Without affording an apology to the indolent student, the editor has anticipated the obstacles at which the learner might stumble, and, by unravelling intricacies of construction, explaining peculiarities of phrase, and illustrating obscurities of allusion, has rendered his path smooth and clear before him, thus enabling him to proceed with certainty and pleasure. This is done by the means of marginal notes, which are at once copious and intelligible,—a chronological table of the memorable events recorded by the author, with an explanation of the method of calculating time by olympiads,—distinct tables of the days of each month in the Roman year,—a copious vocabulary,—and an index of proper names, a sort of Lempriere in miniature. Such are a few of the recommendations, and the work needs no higher, of this edition of the lives of eminent commanders by Cornelius Nepos.

Thoughts: chiefly designed as Preparative or Persuasive to Private Devotion. By JOHN SHEPPARD, author of A Tour in 1816. 12mo. pp. 276. London, 1824.

It is well observed that, to speak to the heart, it is necessary to speak from the heart; and Mr. Sheppard says in his preface, that ‘he who would produce what may profit others, by influencing their mental state and disposition, must be guided chiefly by what he judges and feels the most adapted to benefit himself.’ On this principle Mr. Sheppard has written, and his thoughts breathe so much of the true Christian spirit, and are couched in terms of such liberality, that they cannot excite any prejudice even in those who may not profess the same creed. The subject of Mr. Sheppard's discourses are well chosen, and they are also well written.

Mountalyth, a Tale, in three Volumes. By JANE HARVEY: author of Singularity, &c. London, 1823.

THE novel of Mountalyth is founded on the events of 45, as the Scotch call the last rebellion in favour of the house of Stuart; and, without assuming, or pretending to assume, a very high rank among the novels of the present day, it may lay claim to a respectable place in the list. If it has not

the vigour of some works of a higher class, it is also free from the coarseness and vulgarity that disfigure them; the story is neither devoid of interest nor probability; several of the characters are well drawn; and the incidents are sufficiently striking to render Mountalyth a very readable novel, a compliment which we cannot pay to one half of the works of fiction that come before us.

Johnson's Dictionary of the English Language, in Miniature. Improved and Enlarged. By GEORGE FULTON. 18mo. Edinburgh, 1823.

THE great merit of this little work is the care which the editor has paid to the accentuation, which gives it all the merit of a pronouncing dictionary; the addition of several words not in the original, together with vocabularies of classical and scriptural proper names,—an account of the heathen deities,—a very copious collection of Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish quotations and phrases,—a chronological table of remarkable events,—and a list of men of genius and learning. These additions to a work of sterling value, combined with typographical neatness, give Fulton's edition a superiority to many editions of Johnson.

ORIGINAL.

CALEDONIAN TOUR IN 1823.

BY AN OXONIAN.

(Continued from p. 26.)

Perth—Salutation inn (a designation said to have arisen from the *salve* on the Roman houses of Pompeii): the town is replete with Highland recruiting serjeants, and the pipes are playing in unison with the drums, and form a *tout ensemble* wonderfully striking, among the dirty lanes and streets of the town. The lapidaries seem numerous, and deal largely in agate, jasper, and Scotch pebbles of every sort.—I cross a fine bridge over the Tay, and proceed towards Scone. The national vanity of the natives makes them believe that the Romans actually said '*Ecce Taum!*' when they first beheld it, with rapturous ejaculations, occasioned by the limpid aspect of its waters.—Palace of Scone entered by means of a silver key, and a circuitous ramble. The grand hall of the palace contains, among other beauties, a fine statue of Venus. The chief pictures are a 'St. Catherine and Virgin,' by Paul Veronese; 'King Charles I.' by Vandyke, clad in a fine suit of armour; 'The Soldiers playing Cards'—that is, casting lots for our Saviour's vestments*; and 'The Denial of Peter;'

* This picture will not afford matter of wonder, when it is considered that P. Veronese placed benedictine monks and Swiss soldiers among the subjects of the Old Testament.

'Cupid and Psyche,' by Guido. The floors are all waxed with great care. The bed-rooms, particularly those of King James and Mary Queen of Scots, contain superb beds, adorned with old tapestry; I speak of these apartments not as they were, for the old castle has been pulled down, but as they now bear title. What is called King James's dressing-room is also shown to visitors. In another room is a picture by Teniers, of a burlesque character, namely, 'Apes playing Cards;' and one of them turns a spit at the fire; also, a 'Portrait of the Earl of Rochester,' and another of 'Monmouth,' by Sir Peter Lely; and a painting of the 'Forum of Rome.' The tomb of one of the Earls of Mansfield is near the palace, and is supported by two knights in complete armour; it is placed in a sort of chapel, at the end of a path leading from the building.

Leave Perth: view of the site of Lord Nairn's house, burnt during the rebellion. Distant prospect of Dun-sinane, where Malcolm slew the tyrant Macbeth—eminence where, it is said, not a few victims of the rebellion in 45 perished on a gibbet!—Grampian hills: an extensive range. It was on their summits that Galgacus, or Galdus (some call him Corbred), according to Tacitus, stood the attack of the Roman legions; but his mountaineers (notwithstanding the florid speech he made them before battle) could not resist the cohorts of Menapians and Turgrians, sent by Agricola to dislodge them; they seem to have disliked the appeals made by the broad sword to their countenances; for these Roman auxiliaries appear to have cut them in the face when they attacked the position (*fedare ora*). I have read, in Plutarch's account of the battle of Pharsalia, that Julius Cæsar sent a detachment, ordered to aim principally at the faces of Pompey's cavaliers; to lie in ambush; and that those troops, finding themselves so attacked, turned their backs, and exposed their infantry to be cut to pieces. The seat of Lord Stewart, beautifully situated, appears in a valley, through which the Tay meanders in most picturesque manner.—Dunkeld: ruins of an old abbey, very entire; in one of the pinnacles two screech-owls are famed for reciting their evening *solos* in succession. The Tay abounds with trout and is crossed by a fine bridge, but its banks are disfigured by that odious display of drapery—a bleach-field.—The Duke of Athol's park affords a fine sylvan prospect. There is a handsome bridge over the

Bräan, which displays a beautiful cataract. A grotto is formed above the abyss of waters, and, on the removal of a door, which appears simply to present a picture of Ossian, the stranger is ushered into a room adorned with coloured glass, which displays the cataract in the most pleasing, varied forms. The picturesque woods, which abound with wild berries are delightfully watered by the Tay.—There is a romantic hill near Dunkeld; and on the moors which skirt its sides I found numerous grouse and black cock.—The view from the summit is most extensive.—Many carriages, belonging to sporting characters, arrive in the town; a roebuck was fastened behind one of them—the first I had hitherto seen. This town appears to have been the head quarters of the Hessians, during the rebellion in 1745, as we may judge from the following verses of a contemporary poet:—

'Hesse's band in Perth then quartered was,
And at Dunkeld kept the pass:
These Hessians were a warlike band—
Six thousand did their Prince command;
Their countenance was awful fierce;
They spoke High Dutch or German Earse;
Had white buff belts, and all blue clothes,
With a long beard beneath their nose;
Their whistles and drums in chorus join—
'Twould cheer one's heart, they played so fine;
Their grenadiers had caps of brass:
Thus ordered were the men of Hesse.'

Blair Athol, at some distance, now a place of little importance, is also commemorated:—

'The remnants of Gardiner's broke dragoons
Kept Blair in Athole and such towns;
These horsemen twice had suffer'd sore—
Here by surprise they suffered more.'

Proceed to Inverness, Pass of Killycrankie, where Viscount Dundee defeated General Mackay, when he maintained the cause of King James II. in the Highlands. The defile is most romantic, and the river winds through a deep glen, a memento of the slaughter of that memorable day. The tree near which Dundee was shot is still standing, near a house on the right side of the road. The combat was the theme of a Latin poem, which began with—

'Grahamius mirabilis coegerat montanos,
Qui clypeis et gladiis pegerant Anglicanos;
Tugere ballicolæ et Puritani,
Cacavere Batavi et Cameroniani,' &c.

A most beautiful passage through the mountains succeeds, with majestic scenery, on each side, formed chiefly by the manors of the Duke of Athol and Major Patterson, abounding in grouse. The chief hamlets are Dalwhinnie and Daluycardoch, near the former of which the country is as wild and stony as can be imagined. Loch Garry makes its

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appearance, embosomed between two ranges of hills, and appears a translucent stream of silvery water from the rock.—View of the romantic banks of the Spey and of the lofty Cairn, which is covered with snow.—Arrive at a village in the Highlands, where the followers of the Pretender Charles are said to have amused themselves at putting stone, before the battle commenced.—Pass the water of Nairn, apparently a water of no great magnitude: it was crossed by the Duke of Cumberland's dragoons, who came thus in the rear of the rebels, and cut them off from the lower part of the country, the night before the action at Culloden. A number of green spots on the heath are traditionally pointed out, near the road, as the graves of those who perished in the retreat.

Culloden: I proceed there early in the morning; a boy directs me to the tombs where many of the slain lie. On returning, I am regaled with whey at one of the cots. The position of the armies is pointed out to me by the Highland woman who tenants this cabin. The spot where Lord Robert Ker was buried, as well as his house, is indicated by a green spot a little in the rear of the road that crosses the heath. He commanded the grenadiers of Barrel's regiment, (the 4th,) and was cut down, (after bravely receiving the foremost opponent on his spontoon,) when the Highland column drove in that regiment, which formed one of the duke's first line:—

'Lord Robert Ker fell among the slain,
A brave captain of Barrel's men;
McPhersons, Camerons, and the Stuarts,
Who did disdain the name of cowards,
Struck Barrel's regiment on the flank;
For two companies, they made a blank:
But Bland and Hawley came on behind 'em,
Campbells and light horse, which so confin'd them
Between two fires and bay'nets fixed,
That few got off, being so perplex't.'

A few stones were placed round his body by his comrades when they buried him. There are about twenty green spots in the morass, which indicate the graves of the rebels.—The ruins of the old park wall, (pulled down by the Campbells,) which covered Charles's right, may yet be seen on the side of some barren hills that bound the prospect on the heath.—Culloden House, where the Pretender was posted, is still standing about the centre of the moor. The tombs of the English soldiers were covered with oats; but the spot where the Highlanders were buried consisted of an exceeding black mould, formed of decayed human substances, and con-

taining numerous fragments of bones quite cellular, and most of them pulverized by the succession of years.—It reminded me of Lucian's description of Pharsalia, when speaking of the slain, and in which he so strikingly alludes to the decomposition of animal matter and its incorporation with the soil. My Highland hostess tells a story of one of the fugitives who was pursued by the soldiers into her mother's house, which stood nearly on this spot, and was then shot at the door, after being dragged from under the bed. She also pointed out a small eminence where the king's troops had a cannon mounted during the engagement.—A tree stands at some distance on this scene of desolation, exactly on the spot where the barn was burnt that contained the wounded of Charles's army.

The cruelty exercised by the Duke of Cumberland on the unfortunate partisans of the Stuart family, in the 45, will be long and deservedly execrated: it is generally allowed that there was little or no quarter shown after the battle. It has been also stated that there was an order given by Lord George Murray to show no mercy to the king's troops, on any pretext whatever. She then described how the women went out and robbed the dead of their shirts. At Falkirk they behaved extremely ill to the wounded, if we may judge from the following lines:—

'For by their clothes no man could ken,
They stripped were as fast they fell:
The plundering wives and savage boy
Did many wounded men destroy;
With dirks and skians they fell a sticking,
For which they well deserved a kicking:
Some of the brutish commons, too,
I saw them run the wounded through.'

This Highland cottager is a tenant of the son of the celebrated Duncan Forbes, and pays a rent of eleven pounds a year for her little cabin, which contained two apartments, and was completely filled with the smoke from a turf fire. Most of the old women thought I belonged to Forbes's family; asked what house I wanted, and when I thought their lord would return to his estate. One of them observed, 'You are a mighty young man to come to such a Hieland place as this;' but the greater part could articulate no other language but Gaëlic. Balls are often found on the heath, (some three pounders, others twelve,) also grape and cannister shot, broken arms, &c.

Duncan Forbes's house stands on the right-hand side of the road leading to Fort George, under the moor, nearly opposite. In the midst of a large field

of oats stood an old dismantled castle of the Earls of Morey—a fine ruin.

Fort George is a most regular piece of fortification, as far as ditches, port-cullises, covered ways, and strong batteries, can make it so; it has a fine armoury, and is complete in every respect; it stands close to the Murray Frith, which it entirely commands.

Proceed to view the celebrated Fall of Fyers, near the waters of Loch Ness. Fine mountainous scenery on the left of the road. Arrive at the *General's* Hut, as it is called; supposed to be so named from its being the place where the tent (I believe) of Gen. Wade was pitched, when the army was employed in making the military roads. The battle of Sheriffmuir will speak in his favour, when the wings of each army were struck with a separate panic, and neither party followed up its success. This action gave rise to the old ballad, still sung in Scotland, beginning with—

'We ran, and they ran,
And we ran, and they ran away, man.'
(To be concluded in our next).

RIO DE JANEIRO.

THE following description of Rio de Janeiro, the capital of Brazil, a country which has become highly interesting since it has declared its independence, is contained in a letter from a gentleman of the United States, who visited South America in the summer and autumn of last year:—

'Rio Janeiro, Aug. 12.

'We arrived here on the 5th. Of the little that is to be seen I have seen but little. In describing to you this place, I will begin with the scenery as you approach the harbour. "Cloud capt" mountains, extending as far as the eye can trace, form as it were the back-ground of a picture, which I have no where seen surpassed. In the vicinity of the coast the lofty conical hills form a peculiar feature in the scenery. The "sugar-loaf" marks the entrance to the harbour, which is strikingly picturesque and beautiful. On opening the entrance, which is only three-quarters of a mile wide, you perceive the spacious harbour of Rio, surrounded with hills and mountains; on its surface are scattered several islands, many of which are fortified. The scene was enlivened by a large number of merchant ships, and several vessels of war, of different nations. On the borders of the harbour are a number of villages, and at a distance you can perceive the city, crowded with houses.—On landing I was much disappointed with its appearance.—The streets are well laid out, and paved, but narrow; most of them are extremely dirty.—Custom, it is said, can habituate us to any thing, but, without a complete revolution in my olfactory senses, I could

never become habituated to the filth of Rio. Would this were all: a stain still more deep adds more strongly to the disgust which I feel in walking the streets. Slavery probably exists here in its mildest forms. But can that be called clemency which drags a fellow-creature from his country, and condemns him to administer to the wants of pampered luxury, or obey the demands of haughty pride or insatiate avarice? Many of the slaves are employed in carrying goods, others in selling fruit, &c.; but large numbers lounge about the streets. The houses are well built, but none of them, not even the *palace* can be called elegant. The interior of some of the churches is handsome, but they cannot be compared with those of Italy.

The troops are generally well paid, and are often liberally regaled with wine, &c. by the Emperor at his residence, which is a few miles from the city. A short time since, he injured himself by a fall from his horse, and his first entrance to the city since his recovery was made a few days ago. The rain fell in torrents. He and the Empress were on horseback, and I hope our American ladies would not think I tell a traveller's story, if I assure them she rode *comme un homme*. Her dress was ordinary, her complexion very dark. You will recollect that she is a sister to the Empress Maria Louisa Bonaparte. He is a decent-looking man, and was distinguished only by his badges of loyalty.—They were escorted by the military, who, joined with a large number of Negroes, it can scarcely be said, rent the air with "Vivas." At the entrance of the city his reception was said to be different.

Original Poetry.

GALLANTRY AND DEVOTION.

*Savari de Mauleon relates to his present mistress the coquetry of his last *.*
BY SIR JAMES LAURENCE.

LADY, accept the vassal's prayer,—
Lady, accept the homage due;
If my last dame was false as fair,
Must I, therefore, prove untrue!
I by the Holy Virgin swear †,
By all a loyal knight may prize,
By the most holy mass and thy bright eyes,
That Lady Guillimette was false as fair.
I am no Saracen or Jew,
I have knelt where Christ has trod,—
A Christian knight is ever true
To his mistress and his God;

* 'Savari de Mauleon fut un baron du Poitou, riche, brave, spirituel, et magnifique. Peu de troubadours ont été plus loués, on l'appela le chef de toute courtoisie.'—La Gaule Poétique, vii. p. 97.

† Those who may think exaggerated here the strange mixture of gallantry and devotion that distinguished the twelfth century, may consult Millot's *Histoire Littéraire des Troubadours*; Les Fabliaux, ou Contes du 12 et 13 Siècle, par le Grand d'Aussy; Mémoires sur le Chevalerie, par Saint Palaye; and La Gaule Poétique, par M. de Marchangy.

And, if the countess could deceive me,
Wilt thou never then believe me?

Shall I then a tale reveal

That will cover her with shame?—
A loyal knight must for her honour feel,
Tho' she only mock'd his flame.

But, lady, my scruples are unjust,
To thee her secrets I may trust,—

Thou art mistress of my own.
But now, alas! this tale is not
A secret—'tis to every sot,
To troubadour, and juggler, known.
What is the Lady Guillimette?

Alas! the most perverse coquette
From the Loire to the Garonne.

Scarce had Count Pedro brought his bride
To his court, at St. Macaire,
When knights and barons came in feudal pride
To greet the Lady Guillimette the fair.
I came, and loved (I love where I admire),
And, when I saw my rivals all retire,
I begg'd to be her knight: with gracious mien

She took my scarf of red, the colour of desire,
And o'er my shoulder hung a scarf of green—
Colour of hope! I clasp'd it to my breast;
At every tourney, every tilt, I bore it;
And, had it by the Pope at Rome been bless'd,
With more devotion I could not have worn it.

I will not tell the fêtes and gifts I gave,
Or count the moments in her service lost;—
I might have built a church my soul to save,
Or sent three pilgrims to the holy grave,
For a less sum than every kiss has cost.
Oft have I left her court in deep despair,
And to my castle in Poitou retired;
Again the scarf of green my hopes inspired,
Again I spurr'd my steed to St. Macaire,
Lay at the feet of Guillimette the fair,
And was refused again the boon that I desir'd.

Away to Mauleon in dudgeon I fled;
I there met a friar, his *Ave* who said:
'The altar,' quoth he, 'of St. Francis is poor,
But the force of our prayers and our beads is sure.'

I paid for three masses, and vowed, if his prayer *
Would render the countess more ready to love,
That I would the curls of St. Joseph repair,
And purchase a new crown of light for the dove.

My horse! my horse! I spring upon his back,
Again to St. Macaire I post away:
Two knights were at the court,—the Sire de Bergerac
And the polite Sir Jeffery de Blaye.

The lovely countess, like an eastern queen,
Now smiled on this, now on the other knight;
And like the sun, where'er she turned her mien,
Each hero seemed to brighten in the light.

Soon as I caught her eye, I bent a courteous knee;

She beckon'd to a page to bring a chair;
And now De Blaye sat opposite the fair,
Who sat betwixt De Bergerac and me,—
And now the lady smiled on one, two, three!
Each said what gallantry inspired,
And naught was said but was admired;

* 'Quelques troubadours éblouis de tant d'appas, se mirent à genoux, et firent le signe de la croix; d'autres promettaient de faire dire des messes et de faire bruler cierges et lampes, pour se rendre ces belles favorables.'—Gaule Poétique, vii. 63.

Each seemed to please, yet none, methought,
could boast

That of the three he pleased the most.

The trumpet blew; and thro' the gay crowd,
T'announce the banquet, the harbinger came,
To my lord the count the seneschal bow'd,
And the chamberlain offer'd his glove to the dame;

But she, as she rose to the hall to go,
With an archness in her air
That banish'd my despair,

Significantly smiled and trod upon my toe.
I sat in raptures all the banquet long,
And, tho' a wretch beneath a troubadour,
A sorry harper, touch'd the string,
I was too pleas'd to criticise his song,
Ridiculously cried, encore! encore!

And on the churl bestow'd a brilliant ring.
Now the almoner pray'd, and the countess with-drew;

But I,—a fond lover, in spite of the dew,—
I walk'd on the terrace and thought on her shoe,

And the foot of a fairy that shoe must contain.
The horn of the round tower blew midnight in vain!

At length to the hall I returned, where the knights
Related their loves to th' expiring lights.

'We all love the dame,' said Sir Jeffery de Blaye,

'But whom she prefers is the question to-day;
So as we all three are of worshipful birth,
And gallant rivals as any on earth,
And as we are friends, let each declare

On what he builds his hopes of success:
Late as we paid our court to the fair,
She gave me a look that I cannot express;—
All paradise seemed to unfold in her smile—
'Twas a look that left me nothing to guess;
Ye both were turning aside the while.

Nor was this look of mercy so fleet:
While she beheld me with aspect sweet,
An *Ave-Maria* you might repeat;
This look announced my happiness near *.

'A fig for a look,' De Bergerac cried;
'No doubt the lady, without compeer,
Look'd on you thus to prove your pride;

And, if this look was charged with a smile,
Perhaps she was quizzing you all the while,
But, had her ladyship taken your hand,
And given your hand a gentle squeeze;

That was a sign you might understand,
And flatter yourself so much as you please:
For such a sign I would, in a trice,
Abandon the saints in Paradise;

And I from the dame a sign like this†:
Can boast, to announce my approaching bliss.'

* At one of the courts of love which took place in this century, a reconciliation having been brought about before this singular tribunal,—'La cour invita la dame à donner en temps et lieu un baiser à son amant; lequel baiser devait durer aussi long temps qu'on en met à dire un *pater*'—Arresta Amorum IX. Gaule Poétique, vii. 156.

† Disons un *pater* pour que Dieu procure à tous ceux qui aimeront, comme lui, le plaisir qu'il eut cette nuit là.—Fabliaux, iii. 30.

† Le Troubadour Deudes de Prades, trop galant pour un chanoine, s'écrie, en voyant sa dame—'Je ne voudrais être en Paradis à condition de ne point vous aimer.'—Enchérissant encore sur cette exclamation, Oudars de Lacerne dit qu'il aimerait mieux avoir l'amour de sa belle que d'être roi du Paradis.—Gaule Poétique, vii. 64.

'Gentles,' said I, 'you're inclined to boast:
If the squeeze of a hand or the glance of an
eye

Can make you believe your happiness nigh,
You yet must allow that I'm favour'd the most:
To me the lady a sign has given,

For which I my holiness would forswear,
Tho' to dispose of the keys of Heaven,
The cardinals placed me in Peter's chair.

For know, my dear friends, as the harbinger
came

T'announce the banquet, the lovely dame,

As she arose to the hall to go,

With an archness in her air

That banish'd my despair,

Significantly smiled, and trod upon my toe.'

'Knights,' said a page, 'I am only the varlet

That waited behind the lady's chair;

But I would forfeit my doublet of scarlet,

If capital sport I had not there.

O ye, most glorious and worshipful knights,

What precious dupes she made of you all!

But 'tis my office to see that the lights

And fires are out in gallery and hall.

So, lordlings, permit me, may I presume

To show your worships up to your room:

There ye may argue who's loved the best,

And dream, if ye please, of the countess's
charms;

While I in her bower shall find a nest,

And sleep at my ease in her ladyship's arms.'

Fine Arts.

CANOVA'S WORKS, IN OUTLINE, BY
HENRY MOSES, PARTS I. to XIV.

(Concluded from p. 29.)

WE have already pointed out the disadvantages with which sculpture has had to contend in modern times. These have been so great, and of so opposite a nature, that we are hardly surprised when we perceive the errors which have been adopted by its professors, whenever they have attempted to deviate from the track pursued by the ancients,—or their tameness, mannerism, and affectation, when they have adhered to it. Canova may, however, be pointed out as a happy instance of successful imitation of the antique. This eminent artist was well qualified, by an exquisite perception of all that is graceful and noble, to revive the classical forms and pure taste of antiquity. Perceiving the limits of his art, and the hazard of endeavouring to extend them by innovations injurious to, and foreign from, its character, he sought rather to emulate the spirit of Grecian sculpture than to open a new career. Hence, with the exception of a very few subjects, and those chiefly monumental ones, he dedicated his chisel to ancient mythology and history. In that portion of the work which we are now examining there are seventy plates (nine of which are double ones,) exhibiting many of the artists' finest productions. These, particularly his fe-

male figures, display classical purity of design, beauty of form, and elegance of detail, with exquisite finish. In representing the undulating and voluptuous contours of female beauty, and the graceful energy of youth, the artist was most happy. The admirable finish which he imparted to his statues was likewise in a happy concordance with such subjects: he has, indeed, been accused of carrying this latter quality too far, and of having frequently aimed at effect by means hardly legitimate, at least not acknowledged as such by modern taste: we allude to his practice of employing gilding upon certain ornamental accessories.

The group of *The Graces*, of which two plates are here given, is, in many respects, a master-piece of Canova's chisel; it breathes a delicate voluptuousness and tenderness, which refine it from sensuality. Criticism, however, has objected to this celebrated production much of that affectation which the moderns have so frequently substituted for the naïve simplicity of the ancients. The art with which these figures are arranged and contrasted is admirable, but it is at the same time too apparent: it has a certain air of calculation about it, that detracts from the impression it would otherwise make.—*Hebe*, of which also two plates are given, is a delightful figure, possessing all the elasticity and grace of youth and immortality. If we object at all to this admirable statue, it is that the countenance is hardly sufficiently animated and expressive, to accord with the action of the youthful divinity.—The groups of *Venus and Adonis*, *Mars and Venus*, and *Cupid and Psyche*, with the single statues of a *Venus* and a *Psyche*, all display that sensibility for beauty for which Canova was so distinguished. Two muses, *Terpsichore* and *Polyhymnia*, are likewise noble figures; they are admirably characteristic, and display a graceful serenity highly becoming. With these statues we may class that of *Princess Leopoldina Esterhazy*, which, in its attitude, the style of its beauty, and the arrangement of the drapery, partakes greatly of the character of those antique female statues which are generally designated as *Muses*, even although they bear no specific attribute.—The groups of *Theseus and the Minotaur*, *Theseus and a Centaur*, *Ajax and Hector*, and *Creugas and Damoxenus*, are all superb compositions, and show that the artist was admirably competent to express heroic subjects with energy and vigour.

The first of these groups was one of his earliest productions, the model having been begun in 1782. At its appearance it excited a considerable sensation, for it exhibited a study of the antique wholly unprecedented at that period. The youthful hero reposes on the body of the monster whom he has vanquished, with an air of placid confidence and triumph. His ample chest and muscular limbs, indicate strength without ferocity:—it is power exerted for the destruction of evil, which we here perceive.—*Ajax* and *Hector* are two finely contrasted figures; the brutal strength and savage force of the one are admirably opposed to the calm and dignified air of his adversary.—A somewhat similar, though less striking, contrast is seen in the groupe of *Creugas* and *Damoxenus*.—*Perseus with the Medusa's Head* is by no means the best of Canova's works: the limbs, particularly the lower ones, want fulness and muscularity.—The statue of *Palamedes*, on the contrary, is a fine example of male beauty, the union of symmetry and strength.

We have already alluded to the statues of *Washington* and *Ferdinand*, and animadverted upon what we considered to be their defect, namely, a want of individuality and historic truth.—The same objection will apply to those of *Madame*, the mother of *Napoleon*, *Maria Louisa* in the character of *Concordia*, and some others. The feature of the individuals may be preserved, but the figures are mere abstractions: we no longer recognise them in this masquerade. Yet how, then, it will be asked, is the Gordian knot to be untied? Is a sculptor never to be permitted to perpetuate the features of his contemporaries, save in a costume absolutely incompatible with that effect at which he aims?—To this we reply, let him select the bust as that mode of representation best adapted to his purpose; it being one where modern costume may be in some degree adhered to, without becoming offensive, or where it may be deviated from without grossly offending probability and destroying likeness.—The statue of *Pius VII.* does not fall under this censure: it is one possessing much expression and character. The Pontiff is represented kneeling, and is in a richly embroidered sacerdotal robe, the folds of which are finely disposed.

The monumental subjects which Canova executed are not to be classed among the happiest of his works. The general design of these compositions, which is nearly similar in all, is certainly highly tasteful and elegant, particularly

in the classical air of some of the ornamental details. They are generally in the form of an altar or tablet, with figures in relief,—the bust of the individual to whom the monument is erected, and an allegorical female. Such personifications are alien from our sympathies and feelings; we regard them only as far as they contribute to the general effect; we perceive only an elegant girl, or muse—a mere nonentity, that neither affects nor interests us. With the artist's compositions in bas-relief, of which we have here several, we are not so well pleased as with his statues. They possess not that grace, elegance, and delicacy which we so greatly admire in his other works; in point of design, they are simple almost to severity, but they want that suavity which is so striking a characteristic of Canova's productions.

It is now time for us to say something of the manner in which the publication itself is executed; and here we are happy to say that we can express our unqualified admiration. The present work is, indeed, a most valuable and tasteful accession to our graphic works of art. Moses has attained deserved celebrity by his superior skill in outline, and what he has here achieved will certainly add to his reputation. Nothing can be more admirable than the correctness and firmness of his outline, unless it be its exquisite facility and taste. There is no appearance of labour—no marks of hesitation or timidity; but his hand seems to have traced spontaneously the most delicate and playful contours. There is also a richness of line, of which the effect is truly delightful, although it is very difficult either to point out or to define in what its excellence consists:—*res patet, causa latet*. This branch of the art has of late years been very extensively employed, particularly on the Continent, where it has reached to a perfection which, till now, we had almost despaired of seeing equalled among ourselves. We are pleased to see it thus cultivated, as we consider nothing better calculated to promote a classical purity of taste, or better adapted to exhibit the beauties of design, than outline. The longer we contemplate and study the specimens here before us, the more do we feel their beauties and their merits. Another advantage of this species of engraving is its economy and despatch. It is truly delightful thus to be enabled to acquire, within a small compass, and at a moderate expense, a complete gallery, as it were, of the works of so cele-

brated a sculptor. Publications of this description are most valuable, as diffusing a taste for elegance and chastity of design. Enabled daily to contemplate and study such exquisite models, the mind is familiarized with the glorious conceptions of superior artists, and unconsciously imbibes a relish for beauty; and this feeling, as we remarked at the commencement of this article, displays itself, more or less, in whatever relates to civilization, and to the elegancies and amenities of life. The moralist, indeed, may question whether this sensibility and refinement may not be carried too far—whether it be favourable to virtue, or add to the aggregate of human happiness and the amelioration of our race. To these doubts we should boldly reply in the affirmative; for, although we are ready to admit that a man may be vicious and polished, that he may possess a delicate sensibility for the beauties of art, without being a moral man, we contend that such anomalies are but rare, and that, so far from immorality being the effect of his cultivated taste, it is checked by it. If his moral feeling be now blunted, it would be still more so were this restraint upon its grossness removed. Speaking from our own experience, we may safely affirm that we have always found artists, inasmuch as they were artists, better men than they would otherwise have been,—more generous and refined, less sensual and selfish. But our zeal is perhaps hurrying us beyond the limits of discretion, and we are labouring to prove what no one disputes. We will, therefore, hasten to conclude this article; but, before we do so, must not omit—which we had almost done,—to point out the admirable portrait of Canova himself, which graces this publication. This engraving is executed in the line manner, by Worthington; and a finer and more vigorous production of this species we have not lately beheld: this would of itself be cheap at the price of the whole number in which it appears.—We sincerely hope that the publisher will obtain that remuneration which so spirited and praiseworthy a speculation deserves; and that the success of the present undertaking may induce him to engage in others of a similar nature. Should the result prove otherwise, we shall have but a very poor opinion of the state of real feeling for art in this country.

The Drama.

DRURY LANE.—A new comic opera, from the pen, it is said, of Mr. Beazely,

was produced on Tuesday, under the title of *Philandering, or the Rose Queen*; and was honoured with one of the most crowded audiences of the season; the house was filled in every part, even in the slips. The author, in an advertisement to the book of songs, very candidly acknowledges that a portion of the plot is taken from the French ballet of *Le Prince Troubadour* and the opera of *Joconde*. He also admits, with equal candour, the nonsense of some of his songs, and the absence of poetry in all of them, pleading, in excuse, 'the difficulty which an Englishman feels in the adaption of his language to music already written, and particularly to airs that are Italian and French.' Now, really we do not see any such apology necessary, either generally or in the present case, where the songs are quite as good, if not better, than are generally met with in operas. The following is a sketch of the plot:—

The principal incidents in this opera are founded on the Feast of the Rosière, once so prevalent in many of the villages of Provence, and in some parts of Germany: in this feast she who was declared by the matrons of the village to be the most modest was crowned with a wreath of roses, and received a marriage portion. Two old peasants, the one (Dowton) of a merry, the other (Terry) of a severe character, have each a daughter, whom he educates, the one with every indulgence, the other by locking her up from all the festivities of the village; each hopes his daughter may obtain the wreath, and the piece opens on the eve of the festival. The Seigneur of the village, Count Amaranth (Mr. Braham), pays his first visit to his castle at this period, accompanied by his intended wife, Matilda, (Miss Forde), together with Philander (Mr. Liston), and his intended bride, Emile (Miss Stephens). The Count and Philander become uneasy at their flirting propensities, and determine to put their affection to the test by making love to each other's mistresses. The ladies, through the means of Anselmo (Mr. Mercer), a protégé of the Count, having become acquainted with their plot, punish them by encouraging the feigned addresses. The Count and his friend on this determine to desert them, and, vowing vengeance against the whole sex, leave the castle, assume the disguise of troubadours, and proceed to the Feast of the Roses, where they commence their career of Philandering with Pauline (Mad. Vestris), the daughter of the jolly peasant, who has already a lover in the person of Blaize (Knight), to whom she continues faithful. Their ladies follow them in the disguise of gipsies, and discover and punish their apparent inconstancy. Lisette (Miss Smithson), the daughter of the severe peasant, then sets up claim to Philander as her husband; which is at length ex-

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plained by his proving to be the Count's protégée, who had married her under the assumed name of Philander. The marriage of the parties follows of course.

The first point we look to, in an opera, is the music, which, in *Philandering*, has been got up by Mr. Horn, and is partly original and partly selected. Some of the new airs are certainly pretty, but they do not lay claim to very great commendation, though they were honoured with one of those tests of merit, an encore; but, as almost every song was encored, which extended the opera to above four hours' duration, the compliment was considerably weakened. It will be seen that the whole vocal and comic strength of the house was combined in this opera, and the performance was, as might be expected, admirable. Miss Stephens had two or three good songs, which gave full scope to her fine taste and voice. Madame Vestris had several others, which were of a more sprightly character, and consequently well suited to her talents: nor must we forget Miss Forde, who was enthusiastically encored in a pretty original air, 'The Moth,' which she sung very sweetly. Braham had several songs, some of which were original; two of the latter class, 'Did I try to paint Temptation,' and 'Reason and Love,' were executed in a brilliant style, and loudly encored.

Downton and Terry made excellent fathers in their way, and were a great support to the piece; but we cannot say the same of Harley, who enacted a country schoolmaster,—a sort of graft on the piece, rather to augment its strength than to improve its quality. Liston's character was not in his line,—we beg pardon, Liston is never out of his line when he makes the audience laugh—and this he did, certainly. Although *Philandering* is somewhat tedious, yet, with due curtailment, and supported, as it is, with such a host of talent, it may run for some time. It was decidedly successful, and given out for repetition *nem. con.*

The new pantomime *works well*, as Mr. Canning would say, and brings a large quantity of *siller* into the treasury every evening that the theatre is not filled before half price.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.—The revival of Colman's comedy of *John Bull*, at this theatre, has afforded the public an opportunity of seeing Rayner in a new character—that of Dan, the head waiter to Dennis Baulgruddery—into which he throws more of the genuine Yorkshireman than any person we have

seen play it, not even Emery excepted. There was nothing *outré* or boisterous about it; it was chaste, blunt, and honest, (an honest Yorkshireman indeed!) Connor is, perhaps, the best Dennis on the stage. Miss Chester was a most lovely Mary, and the other characters were well sustained.

Literature and Science.

WE have already noticed one interesting, though slight, biographical sketch of Riego, and we are glad to find that memoirs of the life of this patriot and his family, including the history of Spain, from the restoration of Ferdinand to the present time, are preparing for publication, under the superintendence of the Canon Riego, and for the benefit of the widow of that unfortunate general. The work will be illustrated with several portraits and *fac-similes*.

A plate, in mezzotinto, has been engraved from Sir T. Lawrence's portrait of his Majesty, which was to have been exhibited last season at Somerset House. It has been executed under the immediate superintendence of the artist, and will be ready for publication in a few days.

In the press, a Memoir of the Hyæna's Den lately discovered at Kirkdale, near Kirby Moorside, Yorkshire, with a history of Kirby and its vicinity. By the Rev. W. Eastmead.

A correspondent, who uses the initials W. O., wishes for a solution of the following queries; perhaps some of our scientific readers will gratify him:—1st. Does a pendulum vibrate more quickly at the top than at the base of any high mountain?—2nd. Does a pendulum vibrate more quickly upon the level of the sea at the equator, than it does at either of the tropics?

New Chronometer.—We learn that the alleged improvement in chronometers, of which we gave an account from an American paper last week, is not new. Messrs. Parkinson and Frodsham, in a letter to the editor of *The Morning Post*, vindicate the artists of this country. 'We take the liberty,' they say, 'to acquaint you, that we have devoted much time to the observations on the pendulum, and to endeavouring to reduce its theory to practice, in which we have at length so far succeeded as to discover a simple contrivance, applicable to any description of clock, which will cause the pendulum to vibrate in cycloidal arcs, and perform all its vibrations, however long or short, in the same time. While we were engaged in this investigation, another important object presented itself, and which we likewise expect shortly to bring to maturity. When it is entirely completed it is our intention to submit the discovery to one of our learned and scientific institutions, as we feel assured its simplicity will insure its general adoption in all machines where the accurate mensuration of time is desirable.'

Scale of the Force of running Streams.—Water flowing at the rate of 45 inches per second will drive before it flint stones the size of an egg.—At 36 inches per second, pebbles of about one inch diameter.—At 24 inches per second, coarse gravel, the size of a marble, and so on, according to the dimension, down to 12 inches per second.—From 7 to 4 inches per second, small gravel, graduated down to sand, will be moved.—At three inches per second, even mud will be at rest.

Dr. Young, in this country, and M. Champillon, in France, have been able to decypher many of the paintings on the Egyptian Antiquities. A very interesting letter from the latter gentleman to Mr. Lamb, in this town, was read at a meeting of the Literary and Philosophical Society here on Tuesday last; decyphering, in a great measure, the hieroglyphic paintings on the mummy in the society's rooms. The following is pretty nearly a translation of the legend painted on the mummy, and will be considered as a great curiosity:—"May she be approved by *Phre*, the Lord of the celestial Gods, and by T—M (Egyptian Mars), Lord of the Worlds. May *Osiris*, the Supreme Ruler of *Amenti* (Hades), grant repose to the Lady Tasorpe, ———, daughter of ——— (name of the mother), deceased."—The name of the mother, though given on the mummy, is not yet decyphered, nor, what is of more importance, has the time when the lady lived been ascertained.—*Newcastle Chronicle*.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Barom. 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
January 9	40	46	42	30 22	Cloudy.
..... 10	42	45	43	.. 14	Do.
..... 11	40	44	35	.. 31	Fair.
..... 12	30	37	30	.. 49	Cloudy.
..... 13	26	32	28	.. 50	Do.
..... 14	26	31	30	.. 41	Do.
..... 15	34	37	30	.. 35	Do.

The Bee:

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

Anecdote of Lord Chancellor Hardwicke.—Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, when a very young barrister, was attempted to be brow-beaten by Judge Page, before whom he was pleading. 'You are,' said the judge, ironically, 'so great a wit, that I expect to hear of your turning Coke on Lyttleton into verse.' 'It is not improbable,' said Mr. Yorke, and I will give your lordship a specimen:—

'He that hath lands in fee
Need neither quake nor quiver;
For look ye, do ye see,
I humbly do conceive
'Tis his and his heirs for ever,' &c.

This versification of some of the customary expressions of the learned judge silenced his lordship.

Infancy of the Mechanical Arts.—In the formation of Dover Harbour, in 1533, the carriage of materials was found very expensive; and a poor fisherman, named Young, thought that much labour and money might be saved, if a method could be contrived to convey the stones by water to their work. Young was ignorant of the difference between the specific gravity of bodies, and the advantages to be derived from it, but, like a philosopher, he undertook to try, by experiment, what art could effect in making the sea useful. Many may now smile at the simplicity of Young's plan for gaining information, when they are informed that his first attempt was to try what weight of stone could be buoyed up in salt water, in the half of a walnut-shell. This is viewing the mechanical arts in their infancy, in an untaught fisherman; and, if all knowledge like this could be traced to its first source, it would be found that, from trifling hints, discoveries of great importance have been made to save time and abridge labour. The first experiment having answered, Young made his next upon a larger scale, to try if he could float a proportionable quantity in an egg-shell, and then in a small boat. From the result of these experiments he concluded that, if empty casks were chained to large stones, at low water, they might, with a floating tide, and a little expense, be floated to the pier, and sunk in the place where they were wanted. Young next built a vessel, with nine keels, called a gabboth, to bring large blocks of stone to their work. The king, pleased with the ingenuity of Young, gave him a pension—of four-pence per day for life.

Flemish Churches.—A recent traveller in the Netherlands states that, in such of the churches as he had seen, there are scarcely any pews; but every flag-stone of the floor is numbered, and, as there are abundance of chairs, each person places one on his own number. As soon as the first psalm is sung, the males put on their hats and sit quite at their ease during the remainder of the service.

Female Skaters.—In Freezland the women are as fond of skating as the men, and frequently have races. At one of these races, which took place in February, 1805, on a piece of ice in the outer ditch of the town of Leeuwarden, there were thirteen competitors for the prize. They skated two and two, and, after each heat, she who arrived last at the goal quitted the course. The seventh and last trial was between the two remaining winners, one of whom was twenty years of age, and the other sixteen. The former gained the principal prize, consisting of a gold ornament for the head, and the other the second, which was a coral necklace, with a gold clasp. One of the competitors, on this occasion, was past fifty, and many of them only fifteen. To afford some idea of their swiftness, it is stated that one young female passed over the course, which was about 160 yards long, in thirteen seconds, or a mile in something less than two minutes and a half—*Netherlands in Miniature.*

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Worthies of Islington in our next, when we shall notice the letter of a member of the Caledonian church.

J. F., G. F., and P. J. P., are intended for early insertion.

J. J. shall hear from us in a day or two.

Works published since our last notice.—Lyll's Character of the Russians, 4to. 4s. Bowen on Cataract, 8vo. 6s. Peter Schlenk, a tale, plates by Cruikshank, 12mo. 6s. 6d. Reveries of a Recluse, crown 8vo. 8s. 6d. Burridge on Naval Dry Rot, 8vo. 10s. Garnett's Night before the Bridal, and other Poems, 8vo. 10s. 6d. Prose by a Poet, 2 vols. 12mo. 12s. Memoirs of Amos Green, Esq. 8vo. 10s. 6d. Memoirs of Rossini, 8vo. 10s. 6d. Cormack on Original Sin, 12mo. 5s. Jencyway's Antiquarian and Historical Notes, 8vo. 9s. Young Naturalists, a tale, by A. C. Mant, 12mo. half-bound, 4s. 6d. Ollier's Inesilla, a romance, 12mo. 7s. Appendix of Natural History to Captain Parry's first Voyage to the North Pole, 4to. 7s. 6d. Sismondi's History of Spanish and Portuguese Literature, 2 vols. 8vo. 12. 8s.

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